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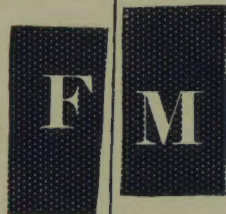
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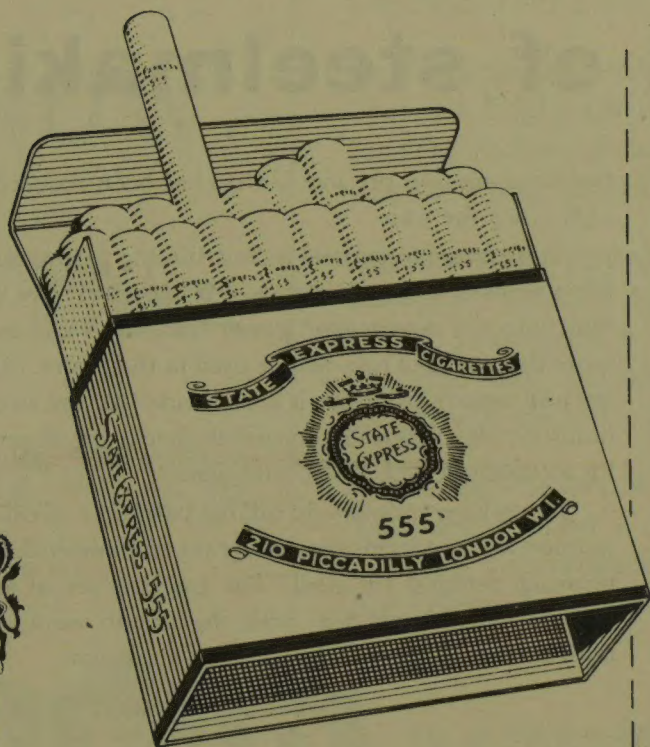
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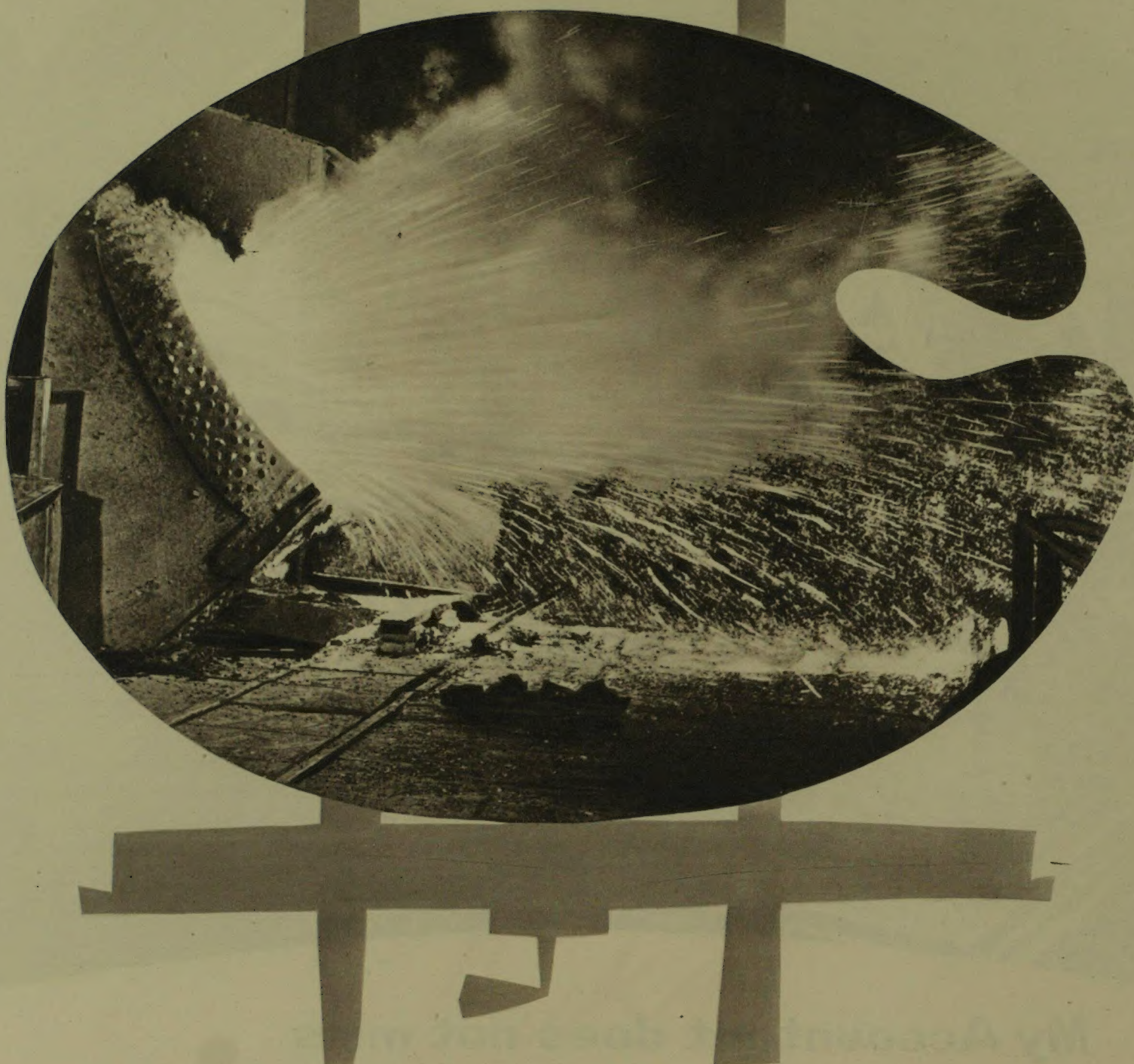
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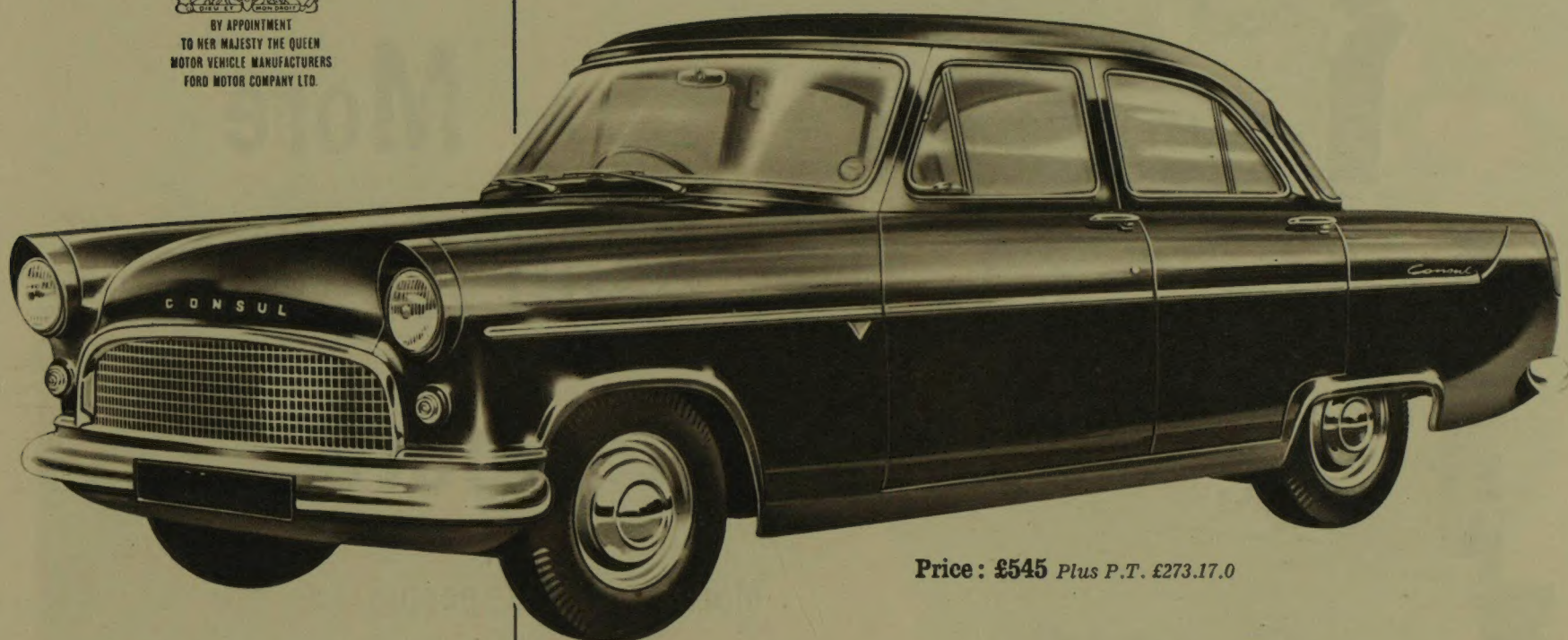
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Crown of Lamb

This most decorative way of serving a saddle of lamb should be prepared by the butcher. Any vegetables may go in the middle, but young carrots and green peas taste as nice as they look.



A Guinness Guide to Lamb on the Menu

WHEN about twelve months old and fully grown, as eaten in England, lamb is darker and firmer of meat than the baby lambs they eat in France. But both may be cooked in many interesting ways. Here are amplifications of the gastronomic names of some good lamb dishes.

SOME GOOD LAMB DISHES

BREAST OF LAMB BEAUHARNAIS. Grilled in breadcrumbs, and served with small new potatoes and artichoke hearts. Breast of Lamb is carré d'agneau. Some other ways with it: **BORDELAISE**, cooked in olive oil and butter, with potatoes, and *cèpes* mushrooms; **NIÇOISE**—

baked, and garnished with baby marrows and tomato. **LAMB CUTLETS JARDINIÈRE.** Grilled and served with a stew of mixed vegetables into which an egg yolk and cream have been stirred.

Other cutlet dishes include: **PROVENÇALE**—*sautées*, then baked in oven, spread with onion purée mixed with white sauce and egg yolks; **REFORM**—served with a peppery sauce plus whites of hard-boiled eggs, gherkins, mushrooms, truffles and tongue; **MARÉCHALE**—fried, served with truffles and asparagus tips. **NOISETTES OF LAMB** are small round pieces of meat from the forequarter or fillet. They can be served in many of the ways described above.

LAMB AND GUINNESS. The best, as well as the simplest way of cooking the larger joints of lamb—leg, saddle, shoulder—is to roast them, as English cooks do so well. For these Guinness is an ideal accompaniment. And it can be drunk just as enjoyably with the more complicated dishes. Guinness will always increase your pleasure in good food.

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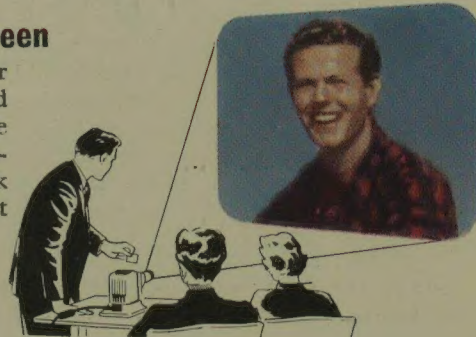
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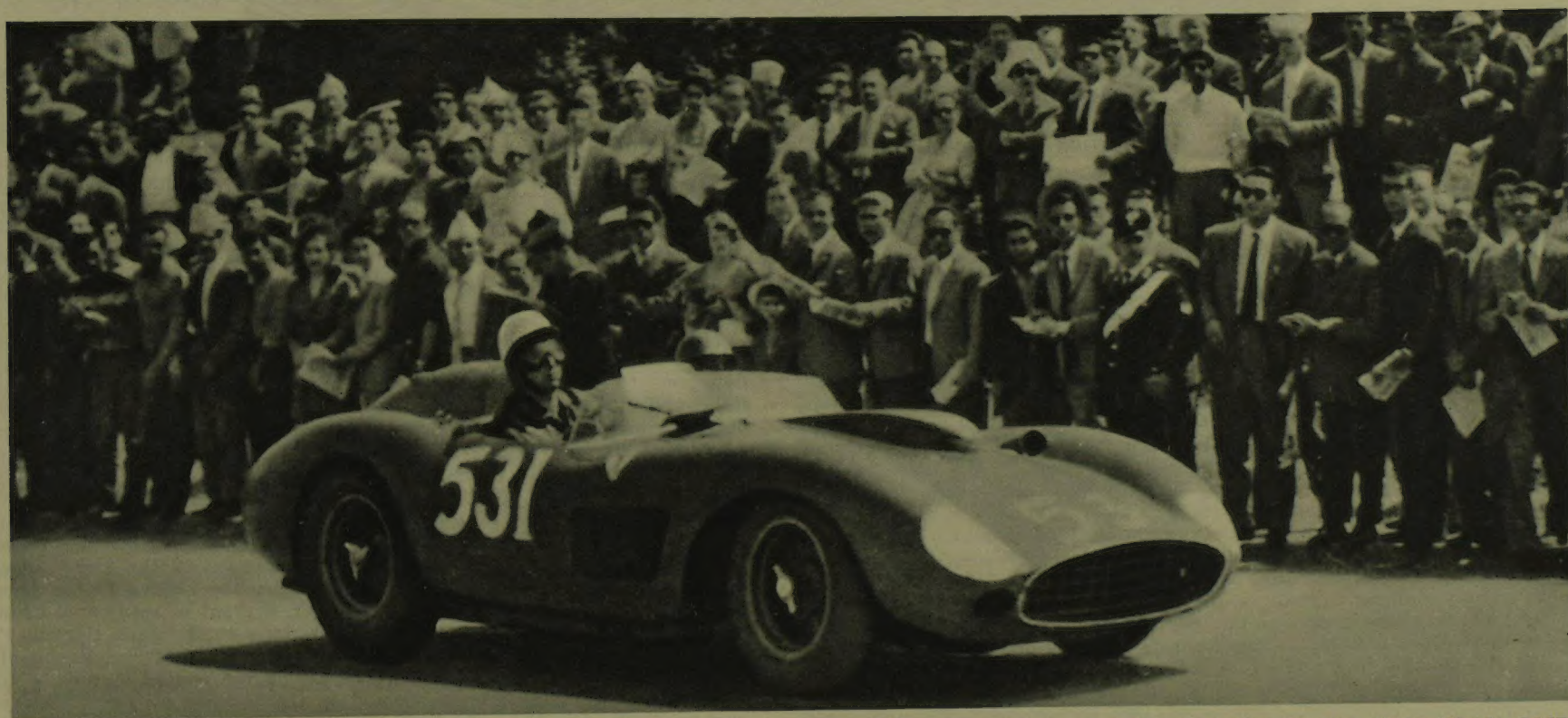
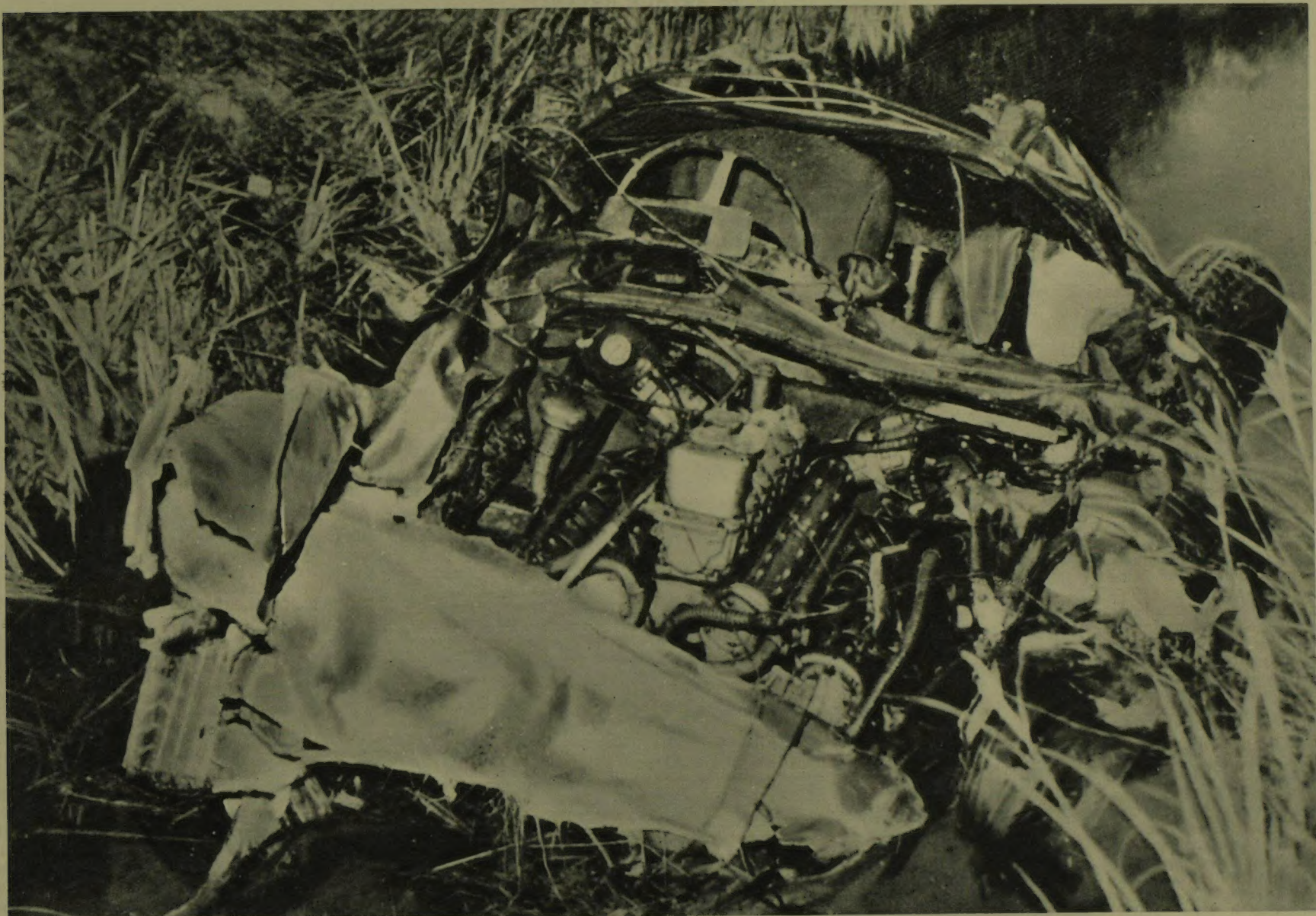
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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1957.



(TOP.) THE AFTERMATH OF TRAGEDY : THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO'S FERRARI AFTER CRASHING IN THE MILLE MIGLIA RACE.
(BOTTOM.) A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH : THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO AND HIS AMERICAN CO-DRIVER PASSING THE ROME CHECK-POINT DURING THE RACE.

AN ITALIAN MOTOR-RACING TRAGEDY : THIRTEEN KILLED IN A MILLE MIGLIA CRASH.

At least eleven spectators, among them five children, were killed when the Marquis de Portago's Ferrari crashed only twenty miles from the finish of the famous Mille Miglia sports-car race on May 12. The Marquis—a well-known Spanish sportsman—and his co-driver, Mr. Edmund G. Nelson, were also killed. Their car was lying third when a tyre burst on the road

north of Mantua, and the car crashed into a telegraph-pole before plunging into the crowd at the roadside. This tragic accident makes it seem almost certain that this famous but dangerous race will have to be discontinued. Strong objections to its continuation this year had only been overcome with great difficulty. The race was won by P. Taruffi, of Italy, in a Ferrari.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THAT very distinguished agriculturalist, ex-pro-consul and veteran reader of this journal, Lord Bledisloe—now close on ninety years of age—sent me the other day a newspaper cutting of an occasion which delighted my antiquarian heart. On the day after St. George's Day about 6000 people gathered in the precincts of the Speech House in the Forest of Dean to welcome the Queen of England and her Consort, Prince Philip. The house, now a Trust House, is supposed to have been built as a hunting lodge by Charles the Second, though I am a little doubtful about this historical attribution, for I cannot recall an occasion when Charles II is known to have hunted in the Forest of Dean, though he himself was certainly well and truly hunted, in one of the most romantic man-hunts in history, across another part of the country of Gloucestershire. But of the beauty and antiquity and its noble forest surroundings of the Speech House there can be no two opinions, and it has long been the home of what is one of the very oldest public institutions in the country, the Court of Verderers of the Royal Forest of Dean. Speaking as the Senior Verderer, Lord Bledisloe, in his speech of welcome to the Queen, recalled the fact.

We tender to you, Madam, and to His Royal Highness, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, a very warm and loyal welcome to Your Majesty's Forest of Dean and to this ancient Court, the oldest public institution in this county and said to be the oldest still existing Court of Justice in the Kingdom. It was founded by King Canute the Dane in 1016—940 years ago.... Ever since the days of Canute the Court has had an uninterrupted existence, being convened or adjourned every 40 days. Its original function was to guard the "Vert and Venison" of the King in his Royal hunting grounds, "venison" including in those days wild boars and hares as well as deer. Its functions are now much more extended and include protection against encroachment on Crown land, the approval of fresh areas of afforestation when timber plantations come to be felled, and the maintenance of the amenities of the Forest. Incidentally, that acts as a liaison between the Crown and the local inhabitants. I am happy to say the relations between the Crown Officers and the Verderers have always been of the most cordial description.*

The account of the Royal ceremony at the Speech House is not the only reminder that has reached me in the last few days of the extraordinary continuity of English traditions and institutions. As remarkable was the receipt from the Collector and Trustees of the Sheffield Town Trust of the supplementary history of this ancient municipal charity—a gift which could not fail to give any student of English social life pleasure. The Sheffield Town Trust was created in 1297—at the beginning of the last troubled decade of the reign, that is, of the able and passionate man who was perhaps the greatest of all the great kings of the old and purely English monarchy of the Middle Ages, Edward I, who, having conquered Wales and endowed England with its system of land laws and its earliest Parliamentary institutions, was now seeking to incorporate Scotland in his Crown, and so to bring about the permanent union of the British Isles. In that year, "on the fourth of the Ides of August," the Lord de Furnival granted his Charter to the predecessors of the present Trustees—the most treasured of all the possessions of the Trust—in words whose cadences still carry across the seven intervening centuries an echo of the life and faith of that remote age:

To all the faithful of Christ who shall see or hear this present writing, Thomas of Furnivalle, the third, son and heir of Sir Thomas of Furnivalle, eternal salvation in the Lord.

Know ye that I have demised, granted, and delivered in fee farm to all my free tenants of the town of Schefeld and their heirs all the tofts, lands, and holdings which they hold of me in the foresaid town of Schefeld, to hold and to have (the same) of me and my heirs to the foresaid tenants and their heirs with all their appurtenances belonging to the said tofts, lands, and holdings, within the town of Schefeld and outside, in fee and heredity, freely, quietly, well, and in peace, for ever

(provided that my free warren be not hindred by the said tenants or in any way disturbed), the said tenants and their heirs paying yearly therefor to me and my heirs £3 8s. 9½d. of silver, at the two terms of the year, namely, half at the Birthday of the Lord, and half at the Nativity of Saint John Baptist, in discharge of all services and demands, reserving nevertheless to me and my heirs fealty, escheats, and suit of court of the said tenants.

Furthermore, I will and grant that the court of the said Town of Schefeld of my foresaid tenants shall be held within the foresaid town every three weeks by my Bailiffs, as hitherto has been accustomed in the time of my ancestors.

And if it should happen that my said tenants, or any of them, are to be fined for any trespass in my said court, I will and grant for myself and my heirs that they be fined by their peers, and that according to the measure of the offence.

Furthermore, I will and grant for myself and my heirs that the said tenants and their heirs, as well buyers as sellers, shall everywhere throughout all Hallamshire be quit from all exaction and demand of toll, as they were wont to be in the time of my ancestors, for ever.

And I, the aforesaid Thomas, and my heirs, will warrant all these matters aforesaid, with their aforesaid appurtenances, as is aforesaid, to my aforesaid tenants and their heirs, against all people for ever...

The history of the Town Trust of Sheffield by Mr. John Daniel Leader

THE VILLAGE WITH THE LONGEST NAME IN THE WORLD.



ANGLESEY'S REPLY TO AMERICA'S LAKE CHARGOGGAGOGGMANCHAUGGAGOGGCHAUBUNAGUNGAMAUGG: THE RAILWAY STATION AT LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLANTYSILIOGOGOGOGCH.

A village in Anglesey claims that it has the longest name in the world. This is Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllantysiliogogoch, and is translated variously as meaning "St. Mary's Church in the hollow of the white hazel near the rapid whirlpool of the red cave," or "St. Mary's Church in the hollow of the white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's church near to a red cave." It is fairly generally accepted, however, that the real name of the village is Llanfair Pwyl Gwyngyll, shortened to Llanfair P.G., and that the long version—the one which appears along the platforms at the railway station—dates from a local poetic cobbler (or tailor) who extended the name in the eighteenth century. The village has another claim to fame, however, for it was here that in 1915 the first Women's Institute meeting ever to take place in Britain was held. America's reply to Anglesey is Webster's lovely Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg, views of which appear on page 815.

donations to schools and charities and, in later years, helping to create its University. Even as late as 1892 the Corporation sought and obtained from the Trust a loan of £80,000 for municipal improvements. All this is set out in brief, factual, chronological record in Mr. Leader's original history and its modern successor.† Together they constitute a mirror of English life through the ages which it would be hard to equal and impossible to surpass. With their help one can follow not only the history of the city but of England; in the present volume, the Trust's transactions include references to the Bell Ringers' request—unsuccessful—for an additional fee for the ringing of the Dumb Peal on the death of William IV's Dowager, a grant of land for a Crimea War monument, the presentation of an Address to the 84th Regiment of Foot—to-day the Second Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment—for its "arduous and gallant" services during the Indian Mutiny, a vote of £1000 to the Royal Reception Fund on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Sheffield in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, payments during the First World War towards the expenses of the Sheffield City Battalion and Defence Corps, and the repair of bomb damage to the Trust's properties in the Second World War. In the course of the last 400 years the income administered by the Trustees has risen from the modest sum—though not as modest as it now seems—of £7 11s. 4d. in the reign of Mary Tudor to £15,500 a year to-day, but the spirit of public service and neighbourliness animating its chronicles has remained unchanged.

† "Sheffield Town Trust Supplemental History." By Edward Bramley. (J. W. Northend, Ltd.)

* The Lydney Observer, April 26, 1957.

FOREST FIRES NEAR PLYMOUTH, U.S.A.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: EIGHT SEPARATE FOREST FIRES SWEEPING THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.



AFTER THE FIRE HAD SWEEPED PAST: THE BURNT-OUT REMAINS OF A HOME IN THE WOODS NEAR PLYMOUTH, WITH ONLY A WOODEN BENCH INTACT.



AS THE SMOKE FROM THE APPROACHING FIRE DREW NEARER: TWO WOMEN CARRYING CLOTHING FROM THEIR HOME AT ROCKY HILL ROAD, MANOMET.

FOLLOWING a dry spell which began in April, more than 13,000 acres of New York State's forests had been destroyed by fire by May 10. One of several fires burning in Massachusetts on May 9 threatened the historic town of Plymouth, landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers in *Mayflower* in 1620, and the scene of the coming welcome to *Mayflower II*. Much of Plymouth Forest, about half a mile west of the town, was destroyed, but happily the town itself appeared to be safe from danger on May 10. About 100 families were ordered to leave their homes in Manomet, where one of these photographs (lowest) was taken. Massachusetts mobilised an army of men and equipment to battle against the many fires which at one time were out of control. High winds lashed the flames and made the fires move so fast that often the tops of trees escaped burning.

SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.

THE Royal Windsor Horse Show, which heralds the chief show events of the year, was held in the Home Park at Windsor on May 9, 10 and 11. It had a total entry of 992 against 909 last year. A fair attendance on the first day included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Prince William of Gloucester. On May 10 the Queen was present at the floodlit evening session when she presented cups and rosettes for various classes. The ladies' open jumping was won by the Hon. Dorothy Paget's *Scorchin*, ridden by Miss Susan Whitehead. On the afternoon of May 11, the Queen, with Princess Anne and Princess Margaret, attended the Show and her Majesty presented rosettes for various classes. On the previous day, May 10, Princess Margaret flew to Bristol, where she visited the Hartcliffe Housing Estate and was present at a service held in St. Andrew's Church.



AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE LADIES' OPEN JUMPING CUP TO MISS SUSAN WHITEHEAD ON SCORCHIN.



AT BRISTOL: PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO A GROUP OF WOLF CUBS AND GIRL GUIDES AT THE HARTCLIFFE HOUSING ESTATE.



AT WINDSOR: PRINCESS ANNE SHARING A JOKE WITH MR. G. CROSS, CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW, WHILE THE QUEEN LOOKS ON.

ART NEWS AND ATOMIC ENGINEERING; AND CURRENT ITEMS FROM LONDON.



AT LONDON AIRPORT: LADY CHURCHILL NAMING ONE OF THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL AIRCRAFT *DISCOVERY* AS THE PILOT, MAJOR C. C. JONES, LOOKS ON.

At London Airport on May 12 three U.S.A.F. *Super Sabre* aircraft were named *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed* and *Discovery*, after the three ships which carried to North America the first men and women to establish a permanent English-speaking colony there.



RIISING FROM THE RUINS OF HOLLAND HOUSE: THE YOUTH HOSTEL PROJECT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ADJOINING THE REMAINING EAST WING.

While the gardens of Holland House, off Kensington High Street, have been turned into a delightful public park by the L.C.C., part of the bombed building is being replaced by a youth hostel with accommodation for 200 beds. The architects are Sir Hugh Casson and Mr. Neville Conder.



ORDERED BY PRINCE TUNGI OF TONGA AND UNDERGOING TRIALS ON THE RIVER THAMES: THE THAMES TRANSPORTER, A NEW TYPE OF LANDING-CRAFT.

A landing craft—one of a new type capable of carrying a cargo of 30 tons and known as the Thames Transporter—has been ordered by Prince Tungii of Tonga, who is both Prime Minister and Heir Apparent to Queen Salote. The vessel is to be used for carrying road-making equipment and other cargoes between the islands of the Tonga group.



ON THE FAR COAST OF CAITHNESS: THE GREAT SPHERE WHICH IS THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE DOUNREAY ATOMIC PROJECT.

On May 11 the Dounreay atomic project was, for the first time, thrown open to the public and was visited, in this remote part of Great Britain, by over 6000 people. The sphere is to hold the fast breeder reactor contained in a stainless steel "dustbin," in a graphite shield and surrounded by concrete inside the sphere.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS: "THE ADORATION WITH TWO ANGELS," BY VERROCCHIO AND DA VINCI.

The Detroit Institute of Arts has announced the purchase, for about £90,000, of this fifteenth-century painting, which is reliably considered to be by Andrea Verrocchio and his pupil Leonardo da Vinci. It was probably painted between 1470 and 1480, when Leonardo was working in Verrocchio's Florentine studio.



THE "MOUNTIES" AT WINDSOR: THE MUSICAL RIDE OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW.



THE "MOUNTIES" IN THE CITY: THE DETACHMENT SALUTING THE LORD MAYOR, SIR CULLUM WELCH (RIGHT), OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE IN ENGLAND: COLOURFUL PARADES IN THE CITY; AND AT WINDSOR.

A contingent of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—the "Mounties" in their Review Order dress of scarlet tunics, blue breeches and broad-brimmed hats and riding their fine black horses—began its tour of engagements in this country on May 7 with a ride through the City of London to a reception by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. From May 9 onwards they were performing their Musical Ride at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. The contingent, which will be in this country for

five months, consists of thirty-two men of the Musical Ride, accompanied by the Officer of the Ride, Inspector J. G. C. Downey, the Riding Master, Staff Sergeant Van Patten, and the Band Conductor, Staff Sergeant H. E. Blackman. The R.C.M.P. Band has not come with them, but the Band Conductor will conduct the various bands engaged for the different performances. Some of the members of the present contingent took part in the Coronation procession in 1953.

ON May 8 the Assembly of Western European Union at Strasbourg voted by 31 to 27 its objection to the approval by the Ministerial Council of British defence policy in Europe. The vote had no operative significance because the majority in its favour was inadequate in terms of the rules. On the other hand, if the vote had been supported by the necessary majority it would still have expressed little more than a moral significance because of the limitations of the power to give effect to it. It is difficult, really impossible, to deny that as it stands the vote represents a telling criticism. The expressions of concern about the reduction of forces already considered insufficient cannot be disregarded because the motion was technically defeated.

Just consider the background. The British were entitled to vote, as was proper, in their own defence, and did so solidly. It was a friendly assembly of allies. Hostility to Britain was again and again disclaimed, and though in a few cases feelings may have been a shade too sharply censorious, the plea was reasonable. It can be taken for granted that, had the issue been one which could have been regarded without sentiment or nervousness about the effect of a hostile vote, some of those who opposed the proposals would have voted the other way. It appears equally certain that a number of the abstentionists would in such circumstances have supported the motion and that hardly any would have opposed it. This is not a major affair, like the parallel discussions of the Prime Minister with the German Chancellor, but it ought not to be overlooked or forgotten.

Here and elsewhere I have expressed the view that this is going to be a critical year for N.A.T.O. The chief weakness of modern democracies in affairs of military policy is the habit of opposing political parties of bidding against each other in offers of popular benefits and alleviation of defence burdens, and hypnotising themselves into the belief that their projects are good on their own merits, and not primarily designed as vote-catchers. The British defence record since the war has been, in general, excellent. It has been far superior to that of certain of the countries represented by its critics last week at Strasbourg. Britain's expenditure on Continental defence has been very high in proportion to resources, and good use has been made of it.

The new policy has, however, aroused doubts in the minds of many who do not regard armaments as sacrosanct. The evasions of other countries have been followed by British cuts more drastic than any made elsewhere. It is assuredly no easy problem, since Britain specialised in costly modern equipment of the highest grade in the field of conventional weapons. Some check was of paramount necessity, because to have kept on on the old lines while unable to control inflation at home, would have led to much increased expenditure to get only the same results. Yet a widespread feeling has been created that the revision has gone too far. The Assembly of W.E.U. is concerned only with our contribution to N.A.T.O., but it has reflected a broad range of opinion.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITISH CONTINENTAL DEFENCE POLICY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

When Supreme Allied Commanders have stated that the strength of the forces of N.A.T.O. in Europe is insufficient, the comment has often been: "Oh, generals are never satisfied. They always say that they are being starved." That is more or less true. In this case, however, there have been four Supreme Allied Commanders who have said the same thing. And it should be noted that they have every reason to make the best case for the defence that they can: to proclaim that it was trifling would be ill-advised in the circumstances. They have taken pains to emphasise increases in the power of the defence at their

differentiation between our relations with, and outlook on them, and those prevailing between themselves. The sceptics and cynics think we shall flit in the end.

It may be retorted that there is nothing in this view except that it creates prejudice. Well, even that is important. There is, however, a much

more serious question to be asked about the policy embodied in the British command paper on defence. Does the insistence on the thermo-nuclear deterrent, and the inferences drawn from it as regards the shaping of the armed forces, point to a belief that a thermo-nuclear war is the only kind for which serious preparation should be made? If not, is Britain making enough preparation for war of other kinds? Some confusion of ideas seems to exist between the bomb as a deterrent and as a means of waging war. We have asserted that our scheme would meet the eventualities of both kinds of war.

Many of our critics disagree. The difficulty is the old one, that N.A.T.O. has not the strength—or, anyhow, has never mustered it or shown signs of doing so—to face Russia in a war waged with conventional weapons. If, however, we say that we should be compelled to use the bomb should we be attacked in Europe with conventional forces on a large scale, then the bomb has to be considered as a deterrent to war of all kinds. In fact, it is not a satisfactory deterrent to conventional war because of the widespread belief that we should not venture to use it or would hesitate about its use so long that free Europe would be overrun.

If, then, there is something like a deadlock in argument, it is because there is something still more like a deadlock in strategy. Strategy is obviously under continuous review, but it would seem that the time is now ripe for a particularly close and exhaustive review by statesmen and soldiers in concert. The other consideration which crops up at the moment has no direct connection with defence plans. It is that Russia, where the mood varies regularly between belligerency and an approach to calmer realities, has now moved again some way toward the latter. In her case one always has to make the reservation that her objects are obscure and the duration of the mood cannot be foreseen. These are not conclusive reasons for failure to take such opportunities as occur.

The last phase of endearments proved a bitter disappointment, mainly because mankind is so credulous. It was not wholly wasted. Our visitors gained, for the first time in the case of the most exalted, a clearer estimate of our attitude. A new approach would now be worth-while attempting. The old objections based on "the ultimate aims of Communism" are in this case a counsel of despair. In Sir Anthony Eden's political philosophy a leading principle, perhaps the first, was never to give up trying. Second thoughts are now called for on foreign policy, as well as on the problems of N.A.T.O.'s defence policy. People who call themselves realists deny all possibility of peaceful coexistence. To my mind true realists should continue to work for it.



THE SHAPE OF NUCLEAR GUNNERY TO COME? A GROUP OF VISITORS AT THE SCHOOL OF ARTILLERY ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION AT LARKHILL CLUSTERED AROUND A FULL-SCALE TRAINING MODEL OF THE U.S. CORPORAL GUIDED MISSILE, NOW ADOPTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY.

The centre of attraction at the annual demonstration staged by the School of Artillery at Larkhill on May 9 was the full-scale training model of the American *Corporal* surface-to-surface guided missile complete with erector and carriage. The rocket, which was painted white, stands 45 ft. high. Among the many important military visitors were many foreign military attachés, including the first general from Spain to visit Britain since before 1936, General Don Emilio Alaman, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Spanish Army; and Lieut.-General Keizo Hayashi, Chairman of the Japanese Joint Staff Council.

disposal. The British case is that no reason exists for "a chain reaction" to British economies, but there is more than one opinion on this question. It would be very awkward for N.A.T.O. if there were a chain reaction.

We claim to stand in a specially strong position by reason of what we have done for European defence, and, as I have said, our record in this respect is impressive. Yet, psychologically, we in fact stand in a weak position. The other nations are inclined to become particularly, perhaps unfairly, suspicious about our intentions if we reduce the establishment of a unit by a score of men or an anti-tank gun. They feel that though we are with them, and more nearly of them than ever before in our history, there is still a

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



COLOGNE, WEST GERMANY. THE HANGING "BOXES" OF COLOGNE'S CONTROVERSIAL NEW OPERA HOUSE, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN TO-DAY (MAY 18). EACH CAN HOLD 20-22 PEOPLE.

In the new Cologne Opera House, designed by Wilhelm Riphahn, the circles have been done away and replaced by twenty-two hanging "boxes" like these, set in zigzag fashion in the back wall.



CAIRO, EGYPT. THE OPENING OF THE TRIAL FOR "SPYING FOR BRITAIN": STANDING (FRONT, L. TO R.) MR. JAMES SWINBURN AND MR. JAMES ZARB; (BEHIND) MR. J. T. STANLEY AND MR. C. PITLUCK. On May 10 the trial began in the Cairo Assize Court of the four British subjects shown above (with their lawyer, Ahmed Rushdi, wearing tarbush), who are charged, with others (some *in absentia*), of spying for Britain. They had already been in gaol for eight months. Mr. Swinburn and Mr. Zarb said they had not previously heard the charges.



LONDON. AT THE OPENING OF THE "MOUTH AND FOOT PAINTINGS" EXHIBITION ON MAY 9: GROUP-CAPTAIN CHESHIRE, WHO OPENED THE EXHIBITION, WATCHING MARIE-LOUISE TOWAE, OF FRANCE, WORKING WITH HER FOOT ON ONE OF THE PAINTINGS SHE HAS IN THE EXHIBITION.



ITALY. FOUNDER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MOUTH AND FOOT PAINTING ARTISTS: ERICH STEGMANN, OF GERMANY, WHO PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH, SEEN AT WORK IN ITALY. A number of the works shown in the Exhibition of "Mouth and Foot Paintings," which continues at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, until May 21, are reproduced on page 819. These are the work of artists whose disabilities have forced them to paint with their mouth or foot. Mr. Stegmann and Miss Towae both came to London for this exhibition.



CAEN, FRANCE. TRIPES A LA MODE DE CAEN: AT THE DEGUSTATION IN CAEN: JUDGES OF THE FRATERNITY OF THE TRIPIERE D'OR SAMPLING TRIPE FROM MANY COUNTRIES, INCLUDING AMERICA AND HONG KONG.



SWEDEN. GEESE STOP MANŒUVRES! TWO SWEDISH SERVICEMEN FEEDING A GOOSE ON THE ISLAND OF GRANHOLMEN, LAKE GLAN, USED AS A SHOOTING TARGET FOR AIR FORCE TRAINING: EXERCISES HAVE BEEN POSTPONED UNTIL THE CANADA GEESE NESTING THERE HAVE FLOWN AWAY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. THE BEGINNING OF KING SAUD OF ARABIA'S STATE VISIT TO IRAQ: KING SAUD (LEFT) AND KING FAISAL ON THRONES AT BAGHDAD AIRPORT. On May 11, King Saud arrived by air, escorted by an Iraqi fighter "guard of honour," at Baghdad Airport, where he was welcomed by King Faisal of Iraq and the Crown Prince. It was expected that they would be joined in a few days by King Hussein of Jordan for important political discussions.



COLOMBIA. BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN BOGOTA ON MAY 10: COLOMBIANS CELEBRATING THE FALL OF THE DICTATOR, GENERAL ROJAS.

On May 10, General Rojas, dictator of Colombia since he seized power in 1953, was deposed and exiled shortly after being re-elected President by the Assembly, which he himself had created. There had been riots at the election and there was great rejoicing at Rojas' fall.



COLOMBIA. POLICE TRYING TO QUELL A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION RIOT IN BOGOTA ON MAY 6. DYE WAS SPRAYED OVER DEMONSTRATORS FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES.



BELGIUM. A CHARMING STUDY OF EX-KING LEOPOLD'S FAMILY AT LAEKEN CASTLE, SHOWING PRINCE ALEXANDRE, WITH A PET LAMB, PRINCESS MARIE CHRISTINE, PRINCESS ESMERALDA, AGED SEVEN MONTHS, AND THE PRINCESS DE RETHY.



WEST GERMANY. DURING HIS THREE-DAY VISIT TO BONN: MR. MACMILLAN, CENTRE, WITH DR. ADENAUER ON HIS LEFT AND TO HIS RIGHT, MR. SELWYN LLOYD. The Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, accompanied by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, paid a three-day visit to Bonn from May 7 to May 9. Talks were held with the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and among topics discussed were Britain's new arms policy and German reunification. On his return to London Mr. Macmillan said the talks had been very successful and very frank.



HOSTS TO THE QUEEN ON HER FORTHCOMING STATE VISIT: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

On May 21 H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are due to start a three-day State visit to Denmark, when they will be the guests of their Majesties King Frederick IX and Queen Ingrid. For many centuries there have been close links between the United Kingdom and Denmark, which have been cemented by several marriages between the Royal families of the two countries. Queen Anne's Consort was Prince George of Denmark, while in 1863 the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII,

married Princess Alexandra, daughter of Christian IX. The first foreign monarch officially to visit this country was Christian IV of Denmark, who visited his brother-in-law, James I, in 1606. King Frederick IX and Queen Ingrid themselves paid a State visit to the United Kingdom in May, 1951, and this return visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will make yet another link in the long-established chain of friendship between the two countries. [From the colour photograph by Anne Marie Lindequist.]



DENMARK'S ROYAL LADIES : QUEEN INGRID AND HER THREE PRETTY DAUGHTERS.

The Danish Royal family enjoys tremendous popularity throughout the whole country, and the King and Queen and their three daughters move among their people with great informality. King Frederick IX succeeded his father in 1947. Twelve years earlier he had married the lovely Princess Ingrid, daughter of the then Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, the present King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden, and Crown Princess Margaret, who was the daughter of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. The three princesses were all born before their father's accession to the throne—

Princess Margrethe, the heir presumptive, on April 16, 1940, Princess Benedikte on April 29, 1944, and Princess Anne-Marie on August 30, 1946. Though she is now being taught by private tutors, Princess Margrethe attended Zahle's School in Copenhagen for a number of years, and her two younger sisters are still at this school. The three princesses, who have inherited their mother's outstanding beauty, will charmingly assist their parents when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are entertained in Denmark. [From the colour photograph by Anne Marie Lindequist.]

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Above.)

OFF OKINAWA, RYUKYU ISLANDS.
STILL AGROUND AFTER EIGHT MONTHS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BRITISH FREIGHTER *BEDFORD EARL*, EAST OF OKINAWA. In September last year, during the course of a severe typhoon off the east of Okinawa, the British freighter *Bedford Earl* (7129 tons) went aground. It is reported that Japanese salvage teams are currently attempting to refloat the vessel.



LONDON DOCKS. ISRAEL'S NEWEST MERCHANT SHIP, *THEODOR HERZL*, IN THE WEST INDIA DOCKS, BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO HAIFA. Before Israel's newest ship, *Theodor Herzl* (10,000 tons), built in Hamburg as part of Germany's reparations, sailed from London on May 7, a warning was received that a bomb had been planted in her and the ship was searched by police and a frogman.

(Right.)

THE VATICAN, ROME.
THE SWEARING-IN OF A SWISS GUARD RECRUIT: THE NEW GUARD RAISES HIS RIGHT HAND, HOLDS THE FLAG IN HIS LEFT, AND SWEARS FIDELITY. The Swiss Guards, who have been the personal bodyguard of the Pope and the guardians of the Vatican since 1506, are recruited exclusively from the German-Swiss cantons of Switzerland and wear a uniform reputedly designed by Michelangelo. Other Vatican guards are the Noble Guards, the Palatine Guard, and the Papal Gendarmes.

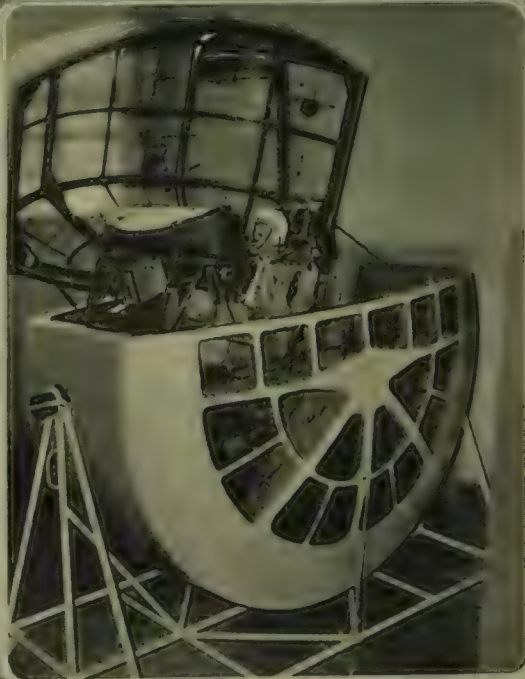


GHANA, WEST AFRICA. SAYING FAREWELL TO GHANA: THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR C. ARDEN-CLARKE, WITH HIS ELDER DAUGHTER (IN CAR) AT KOFORIDUA.



GHANA, WEST AFRICA. GREETED BY THE ADONTEHENE OF AKWAPIM ON HIS ARRIVAL FOR HIS FAREWELL TOUR: SIR CHARLES ARDEN-CLARKE. May 14 was the day which saw the end of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke's brief term as the first Governor-General of Ghana, the office into which he stepped from the Governorship. It had been hoped in Ghana that he could continue in office, but his retiring time was due. At the time of writing, his successor had not been named.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



FRANCE. AT A FLYING TEST CENTRE RECENTLY OPENED AT BRETIGNY: A ROTARY DEVICE FOR TESTING PILOTS' REACTIONS.

A flying test centre was recently opened at Bretigny by the French Secretary of State for the Air Force. The above device, which can be made to rotate at high speed, is used for measuring a pilot's reactions and for experiments with clothing for airmen.



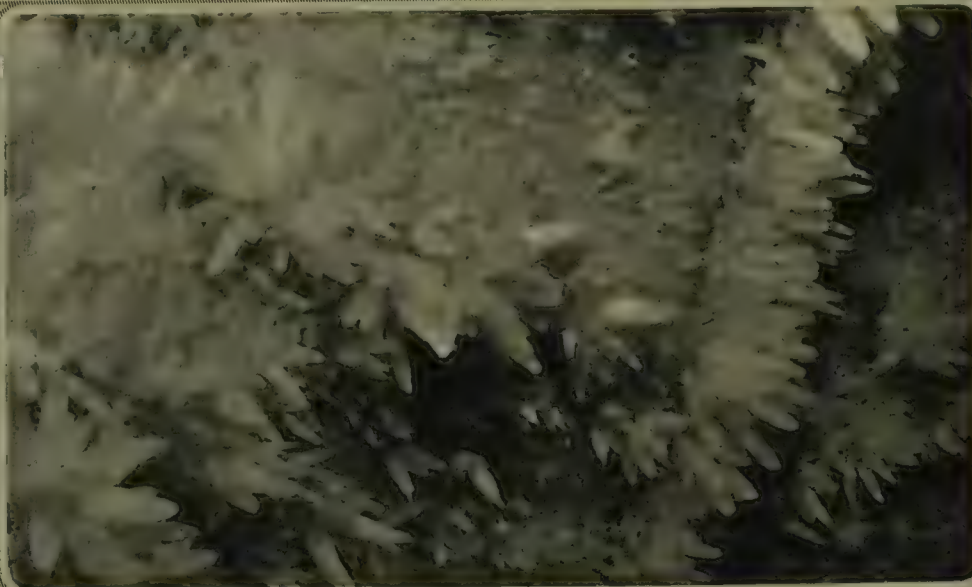
RUSSIA. DURING THE MAY DAY PARADE IN MOSCOW: RUSSIAN JET FIGHTERS FLYING OVER RED SQUARE. THE AIR SHOW WAS THE BIGGEST FOR SEVERAL YEARS.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. A JET-POWERED VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: THE U.S.A.F. X-13 VERTIJET. This recently-released photograph shows the U.S. Air Force X-13 Vertijet, jet-powered vertical take-off and landing research aircraft, built by the Ryan Aeronautical Company, during a test flight at the Edwards Air Force Base, in California. It is seen here about to take off from its ground service trailer.



BRAZIL. IN THE GROTTA OF CALCITE CRYSTALS AT MATOSINHOS, IN THE LAGOA SANTA REGION: MR. H. V. WALTER, BRITISH VICE-CONSUL IN BELO HORIZONTE.



BRAZIL. BEAUTY IN A CAVE: PART OF THE MAGNIFICENT MASS OF FACETED CALCITE CRYSTALS IN THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED GRUTA DE CRISTAIS.

These photographs of a grotto of calcite crystals, discovered at Matosinhos, in the Lagoa Santa region of Brazil a few months ago, have been sent to us by Mr. H. V. Walter. The *Gruta de Cristais*, as it is known, has been handed over to the Academy of Science of Minas Gerais.



BELGIUM. A MEMORIAL PLAQUE TO GENERAL PATTON, COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES THIRD ARMY FROM 1944 TO 1945, WHICH IS TO BE UNVEILED AT ARLON LATER THIS MONTH.



GERMANY. ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN ONE OF HITLER'S PURGES: SEPP DIETRICH (LEFT) AND MICHAEL LIPPERT, SEEN AT THE COURT AT MUNICH.

The trial of Sepp Dietrich and Michael Lippert began at Munich on May 6. Dietrich was charged with organising the killing of six leaders of the S.A., and Lippert with having been an accessory to the shooting of Roehm in Hitler's blood purge of June 30, 1934. The trial has attracted great attention because of the sensational nature of the charges and also because of the disclosures which have been made about a crucial period in the rise of the Nazi régime.



AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY : DR. BRUNO WALTER, WHO WAS EIGHTY LAST YEAR AND FIRST CONDUCTED IN LONDON NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Dr. Bruno Walter, the celebrated German-born conductor, was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending at the Festival Hall on May 8 to receive the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He was to have conducted the concert—the last of the season—at which Mahler's Fourth Symphony and Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, with Dame Myra Hess as the soloist, were performed. The conductor was Sir Adrian Boult, who presented the Medal to Dr. Walter's proxy, Dame Myra. Bruno Walter first conducted in London in 1909 at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, and it is most fitting that he should now have joined the long line of notable

musicians who have been awarded the Society's Gold Medal. Dr. Walter was born in Germany in 1876. He began his conducting career at the Cologne Opera House in 1893, and from then on held appointments in many of the great German opera houses, and also in Vienna. He was forced to flee from Nazi persecution and became a French citizen in 1938. He escaped from France and became an American citizen in 1946, and has since lived in the United States. Throughout his career Dr. Walter has appeared as guest conductor in many countries, confirming his standing as one of the greatest conductors of his day. [Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]

UPHEAVAL IN INDIA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"THE INDIAN MUTINY": By RICHARD HILTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is the centenary year of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny and we must therefore expect a sprinkling (I hope not a spate) of books on the subject. To Englishmen of my generation they will have little new to relate. The Mutiny was as near to us as the Kaiser's War is to young men now, and if, as children, our attention was directed to particular episodes and figures, the Relief of Lucknow, the ghastly Well of Cawnpore, the monster Nana Sahib, Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell, we never dreamt of thinking of it as anything but a Mutiny of Sepoys. "Time's winged chariot" which not merely hurries "things to come," including (as the poet noticed) death, daily nearer to us, imperceptibly and continuously shifts the past farther and farther away. To the young man of thirty (I remember, ruefully, that, at that age, I thought myself already elderly) the Indian Mutiny is as remote as Waterloo and the Peninsular War were to my contemporaries. It is a matter of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago," fought over unremembered issues, in uncomfortably thick and tight, and unduly conspicuous, fancy-dress, probably with an attendant retinue of elephants. Most of them (unless they are dedicated historians, as other men are dedicated antiquaries, archaeologists, palaeontologists, or nuclear physicists) aren't really interested. But there are others who give it the wrong kind of importance, don't understand, or refuse to understand, its origins, and deliberately ignore the fact that, after John Company (which was formed for commerce, not conquest, but was dragged into wars and annexations) had been superseded by the Queen-Empress, we gave India nearly a century of kind and peaceful administration and progressive development, judicially, economically and hygienically, such as she had never known.

I read, not long ago, the memoirs of an American who went to Delhi and swallowed the Congress propaganda, hook, line and sinker. He believed, or appeared to believe, that the Indian Mutiny was a national uprising against a Foreign, Colonialist, Imperialist, Oppressor. It was no such thing. The general public in India (then, as now, 80 per cent. peasants) took no part in it, most of them knowing nothing of India outside their village, and many of them never having seen a white man. Even at this moment it would probably mean nothing to them were they told that Mr. Nehru was a Kashmiri Brahmin who was at Harrow and Cambridge—feeding their families is their job.

As a corrective to current delusions about the Mutiny and British rule nothing could be more timely than Major-General Hilton's book. It is very short; a clear summary of great and fluctuating events of the same kind as Bryce's "The Holy Roman Empire" and Ward's "The Thirty Years' War." And it is not in any way propagandist or argumentative; it merely states basic facts and they speak for themselves. Of the author we are told that "member of a family which has served India consecutively for three generations, he himself has spent nearly fifteen years there, most of this time in command of Indian troops. He

speaks three Oriental languages fluently and has made full use of this gift to obtain as true an understanding of the mentality and outlook of the many races of India as it is possible for any European to achieve. His admiration for the fighting races of India and Pakistan and the close ties of friendship which he still enjoys with many old soldiers of both those countries will serve as a guarantee of fair treatment for both sides in this short narrative of the bitter struggle of a hundred years ago." A soldier of his type (he dedicates his book "To British, Indian and Pakistani Friendship") is the right sort of historian for the occasion.

His accounts of the operations and the men who conducted them are clear and concise; his book is an admirable skeleton outline of the whole affair. As usual with revolutionary outbreaks, an ignorant mob, reinforced at times by the criminal elements always present in large cities, was inflamed by lies spread by interested parties. The story which precipitated the Mutiny was the cunning one that a new issue of cartridges had been greased with cow-fat and hog's fat, the cow being a sacred animal to the Hindus and the pig an unclean one to the Moslems. As usual, again,

Concluding his story of the relief of Lucknow General Hilton says: "the story of Lucknow cannot be ended without a tribute to the loyal Indians, who stood by their British comrades throughout the eighty-seven days' siege. The mere fact of their loyalty was in itself an act of heroism, because they stood to lose far more than their British fellow combatants. They risked not only their own lives but those of their

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD HILTON, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

Major-General Richard Hilton was born in 1894 and educated at Malvern and the R.M.A., Woolwich. He served with distinction in both World Wars and, before his retirement in 1948, he spent a year in Moscow as Military Attaché. He is a member of a family which has served India consecutively for three generations; he himself has spent nearly fifteen years there, most of this time in command of Indian troops.



"THE STORMING OF DELHI—THE CASHMERE GATE."

This illustration, which is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of November 28, 1857, was described as follows: "This spirited Engraving, from an original sketch, represents the exciting scene of the storming of Delhi, at the Cashmere Gate, by our brave troops. The name of the young hero, Salkeld, of the Engineers, who fixed and fired the charge which blew in the gate, will ever be memorable in connection with this daring and brave achievement." A full description of the recapture of Delhi is given by Major-General Richard Hilton in his book, which is reviewed on this page.

with mutinies, massacres of officers ensued. Sailors in the Spanish and Russian Revolutions threw their officers overboard; army officers are merely butchered. Sometimes, in India, their wives and families were also butchered, in circumstances of unspeakable bestiality. General Hilton does not dwell on these atrocities, which for too long haunted the imagination of English people; he gives, briefly, one sample, which will be quite enough for the strongest stomach. In the main, his object, apart from that of giving a straight, concise, narrative, is to correct misconceptions. The Mutiny, as he points out, was encouraged by discontented landowners who didn't like British control, and other malcontents who objected to our suppression of the good old religious customs of suttee and thuggee. Some of the mutineers protected lone British officers against their comrades. The area affected by the Mutiny was very small, compared with the great size of the sub-continent, including merely a part of the Ganges Valley and the Punjab. Most of the Princes stood firm on the side of a Raj which gave them a peace which they had never been able to achieve themselves. And the loyalty of many of the Sepoys themselves is much more worthy of attention than the misdeeds of the sort of miscreants who are let loose, not only in Asia, at times of upheaval.

no room for the niceties of ritualistic purity. High-caste Brahmins were seen helping to handle and bury the putrid carcasses of horses and bullocks or the dead bodies of low-caste sweepers. These tasks, and others even more repugnant to their religious beliefs, were cheerfully undertaken by these stout-hearted and loyal Indian soldiers and regarded by them as a part of their share in the great ordeal. It is hard for a white man to appreciate fully what a tremendous sacrifice this must have been."

What a fair book! I suppose that there must be many of my readers who have never had a close Indian friend. I have had several, of various creeds and colours, and more faithful friends I have never had.

As for the future of India—which mainly means the Indian peasant—I know no more than General Hilton. It seems to me to be under the control, if any control there is, of persons far less disinterested and well-informed than we were. But I agree with the General when he says: "We can safely leave it to posterity to judge the British record in India." And one of the best things about that record is the peace, contentment and tranquillity which followed that sudden and ghastly Mutiny.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 826 of this issue.

* "The Indian Mutiny, A Centenary History." By Major-General Richard Hilton, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. Maps. (Hollis and Carter; 18s.)

SCENES AND PERSONALITIES IN THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 100 YEARS AGO.



GENERAL NICHOLSON, WHO COMMANDED THE MAIN STORMING PARTY IN THE RECAPTURE OF DELHI AND WHO WAS KILLED THERE.
(From our issue of Oct. 31, 1857.)



COLONEL INGLIS AND HIS FAMILY. COLONEL INGLIS CONDUCTED THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY OF LUCKNOW. (From our issue of Nov. 28, 1857.)



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAVELOCK, WHO THREE TIMES HEAVILY DEFEATED THE MAHRATTA LEADER, NANA SAHIB.
(From our issue of Sept. 12, 1857.)

THE centenary of the outbreak at Meerut of the Indian Mutiny fell on May 10. The Central Government of India were hoping the occasion would be celebrated quietly in Delhi, and official ceremonies were limited to the presentation to the President of an official history and to a public speech by Mr. Nehru. The centenary is to be more fully celebrated on August 15, the tenth anniversary of Indian independence. There were several reasons why the centenary arrangements were not made more dramatic. Mr. Nehru has been anxious about recent outbreaks of violence, and it was therefore desirable not to extol too highly the Mutineers. Also, opposition parties in some areas and those in favour of India's secession from the Commonwealth were expected to exploit the occasion. There has been some controversy, even among Indian historians, as to whether the Mutiny was indeed a patriotic "first war of independence."



THE TOWER AND MAIN BUILDING OF THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW, WHERE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE WAS KILLED AND A GALLANT DEFENCE CONDUCTED BY COLONEL INGLIS. (From our issue of Dec. 28, 1907.)



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY THREE STOREYS HIGH.
(From our issue of Dec. 28, 1907.)



THE SCENE OF BITTER FIGHTING BEFORE DELHI: THE KASHMIR GATE, WHERE ONE OF THE MAIN ASSAULTS ON THE CITY WAS MADE.
(From our issue of Dec. 28, 1907.)



AT CAWNPORE, WHICH WAS HELD BY SIR HENRY WHEELER FROM JUNE 5 TO JUNE 27, AND THE SCENE OF MASSACRES BY BOTH SIDES.
(From our issue of Dec. 28, 1907.)



A VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF HINDU RAO, THE NEPHEW OF NANA SAHIB, SITUATED NEAR DELHI.
(From our issue of Oct. 31, 1857.)



NANA SAHIB, WHO PLAYED A LEADING PART IN THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITISH AT CAWNPORE. (From our issue of Sept. 26, 1857.)



FIG. 1. CLICKHIMIN BROCH: A VIEW FROM THE RINGWALL LOOKING EAST. ON THE RIGHT THE BLOCKHOUSE WITH STAIR LEADING TO THE WALL WALK;

In 1951 (writes Mr. J. R. C. Hamilton, M.A., F.S.A., Inspector of Ancient Monuments), a shaft was sunk in the great mound covering the remains of prehistoric villages at Jarlshof, close to the southern tip of the Shetland Islands (*The Illustrated London News*, July 19, 1952). The object was to reach the base of a circular stone tower, or broch, in order to determine, by an examination of the pottery and implements, the nature of the broch builders and their relationship to the earlier and later settlers on the site. The tower was one of several hundred which dominated fertile strips of arable and grazing land throughout the Scottish islands and northern mainland at the beginning of our era. The overwhelming concentration of these towers north of the Great Glen allows a broch "province" to be defined as distinct from the hill fort country of Central and Southern Scotland, the territory of the Caledonian tribes who were defeated at the Battle of Mons Graupius by Agricola in A.D. 83. Pioneer excavations in the last century showed that these heavily defensive towers were erected in the Late Iron Age, and were therefore contemporary with many of the hill forts. A few imported Roman objects, however, indicated occupation as late as the first century A.D. Animal bones, cereal grains, quernstones, spindle whorls and bone weaving combs reflect the general economy of the inhabitants based on agriculture and stock-raising like the majority of pre-Roman communities elsewhere in Britain. Whatever the turbulent conditions were that occasioned the building of the towers, they eventually passed and gave place to a long period of

peace in which open settlements of stone-built huts were established round the towers and occupied, in a number of cases, until the coming of the Vikings in the ninth century A.D. But who were the broch people and how did the brochs originate? Various theories have been advanced. On a comparison of small finds such as weaving combs and discs, one school suggests that the towers were built by invaders from South-West Britain, where such relics occur prolifically in the lake villages of Somerset. Another school, emphasising the native character of the brochs, stone tools, and pottery, would regard the towers as the refuges of the local population against such invaders or against the hill fort people and slave traders scouring these northern waters for the Roman markets. At Jarlshof the finds from the base of the tower showed the presence of two groups of people. The first, a small band of immigrants, was represented by cooking pots with an applied decorative band round the neck, a class of ware found on broch sites round the shores of Scapa Flow, the great natural anchorage in the Orkneys, the island group to the south. The second, and by far the more numerous, was essentially native, being characterised by much cruder pottery containing soapstone grit for tempering. Soapstone is of comparatively rare occurrence and in the island outcrops mainly in the north and central areas. On these grounds it was suggested that the tower was built by a native labour force brought down the peninsula by Orkney broch men who had established their power over more northerly tracts of Shetland. Deep shafts cut through the broch floor revealed a



CENTRE, THE BROCH TOWER, NOW STANDING TO THE HEIGHT OF 17 FT., ON AN OLDER RAMPART, WITH SECONDARY HUTS IN THE FOREGROUND.

sterile layer of wind-blown sand overlying the midden deposits of an earlier Iron Age village abandoned prior to the coming of the broch-builders. What had happened in this interval? If the evidence had been read correctly, then an answer was to be sought farther north, and in 1953 excavation by the Ministry of Works began at the famous broch of Clickhimin, near Lerwick, 22 miles from Jarlshof. (Figs. 1 and 2 and reconstruction drawing overleaf.) It can now be said that the results have far exceeded early hopes and expectations (Figs. 1 and 2). Not only has the early period of broch penetration been defined but traces of much earlier occupation have come to light. Indeed, the history of the site goes back to the Bronze Age, when a large oval dwelling was erected on what was still a tidal islet. [This oval Bronze Age building can be seen in the reconstruction drawing overleaf, behind and to the left of the broch tower. This and the later developments on the islet up to the coming of the broch-builders in the Late Iron Age, around the beginning of the Christian Era, will be illustrated in a later article. Here it suffices to say that before the arrival of the broch-builders, not only had the outer ring-wall been built, but a breakwater had been added to meet the rising of the water-level, as the result of the blocking of the sea-outlet of the loch, but an inner defence wall had also been started.] This was never completed, because new arrivals, bringing with them the characteristic neckband ware and a large assemblage of bone tools, decided that a tower was required. Hundreds of tons of stone were ferried to the islet and the broch rose partly on the half-completed inner defence work

and partly on the older ground surface. Excavation showed that the interior of the tower was provided with wooden galleries, probably used as sleeping floors above the central hearth and paved surround. As at Jarlshof and elsewhere, the dangers receded and in the succeeding period beginning in the second century A.D. a large wheelhouse was erected inside the broch. This dwelling, entered through the broch door and passage, was divided into a series of radial compartments by partition walls resembling the spokes of a wheel round the central hearth space. Occupation continued over many generations, and within easy radius of the doorway extensive middens accumulated within the ring-wall, small outhouses being erected at various stages during their growth. These middens yielded hundreds of small finds and great quantities of pottery. Eventually the narrow strait between the islet and the mainland silted up and a causeway was constructed, one of the stones bearing the pecked impression of two foot-prints, a device recorded from other Dark Age sites in Scotland. No Viking relics were recovered from the islet, and it would appear to have been abandoned before the coming of the Norsemen in the early ninth century. Its heyday was achieved eight centuries earlier and the evidence now brought to light will prove of the greatest assistance in unravelling the mystery of these great towers and their military antecedents. (A reconstruction drawing of the broch at its greatest extent appears overleaf; and the earlier cultures will be discussed in a later issue.) [Photographs Crown Copyright Reserved.]



FIG. 2. CLICKHIMIN BROCH, FROM THE OTHER SIDE, LOOKING WEST. ON THE LEFT IS THE BLOCKHOUSE WHICH GUARDS THE ENTRANCE IN THE RINGWALL. A SHETLAND FORTRESS AND HOMESTEAD OF 2000 YEARS AGO BROUGHT TO LIFE: THE ISLAND



THE OPENING IN THE TOWER LEADS TO A SLOPING PASSAGE AND STAIR BETWEEN THE INNER AND OUTER CASEMENT WALLS ABOVE FIRST-FLOOR LEVEL. BROCH OF CLICKHIMIN; NEWLY EXCAVATED AND RESTORED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.



ULTIMA THULE AS THE ROMAN SLAVE TRADER MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT: THE GREAT SHETLAND BROCH TOWER IN CLICKHIMIN LOCH, AS IT WAS IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.

The visitor to Ultima Thule, Shetland, the most northerly islands of Great Britain, can not help but be struck by the frequency of broch towers, tall, cylindrical towers of stone, built some 2000 years ago. By the airport as he lands is Jarlshof (a reconstruction drawing of which appeared in our issue of July 19, 1952), and as he drives up Mainland towards Lerwick he sees on a nearby island the broch of Mousa (still standing to some 38 ft.). Then as he approaches Lerwick, the road runs on a narrow spit of land between the sea and Clickhimin Loch, and on what is now a peninsula but was once an island he sees the massive remains which we show on pages 810-811. This islet in Clickhimin Loch witnessed the building of many structures on

its limited surface in prehistoric times. Here a view is given of the islet from the south-west as it might have appeared to a Roman slave trader if he had visited the remote Shetlands, or Ultima Thule, about the end of the first century A.D. Beyond the entrance to the broch tower on the crest of the islet he would have seen the ruins of the older habitation. This was a solidly-built oval house with sleeping recesses, or cubicles, round a central hearth space, a type of dwelling that appears to have reached the island with Stone Age colonists about 2000-1800 B.C. The oval dwelling, of Bronze Age date, underwent many structural changes at the hands of later Iron Age farmers. These farmers were superseded by well-organised bands of people who built

the massive ringwall round the islet and erected the large guard- or blockhouse within its entrance on the south side. Like the fort and duns of the Scottish mainland, the ring defences and blockhouse were no doubt constructed with a wall-walk and breastwork. Round the inner face of the wall there were numerous pent-roofed houses and sheds. Some of the stone pillars associated with these can be seen projecting through later midden rubbish. A sudden rise in the water level of the loch necessitated the building of a breakwater of large stones (seen at the base of the ringwall) to which was added a crescent-shaped landing stage with stone-faced quayside for small boats. Inside the ringwall work was started upon an inner stone-faced ring rampart on the

higher ground behind the blockhouse. Before it could be completed, however, newcomers decided to build the broch tower which was partly founded on this rampart and utilised the same entrance on the west side. During the building of the tower temporary huts were erected within the ringwall, a hearth and foundation from this period being visible (centre). The tower, still standing over 17 ft. high, probably had an original height of some 50 ft. Later a large wheelhouse was built inside and occupied for many generations, while secondary huts and outhouses clustered outside close to a large roadway. In the sixth or seventh century a causeway was added connecting the islet with the mainland.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell with the assistance of Mr. J. R. C. Hamilton, M.A., F.S.A.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE Lesser Celandine, *Ranunculus ficaria*, when growing and flowering in the right place, is one of the most delightful of all our British native wild flowers.

Its habit of flowering very early in the spring makes it especially welcome. To come upon its blossoms of lacquered gold suddenly appearing on some sunny grassy bank in early March is, to me, as heartening a seasonal event as the arrival of the first swallow, or the sound of the first cuckoo. To most gardeners, however, the best place for the Lesser Celandine is *outside* the garden, where it can grow, unmolested, as a truly wild and welcome thing. Within the garden precincts it may be welcomed in the rougher, wilder places, in orchard grass, for instance, or among shrubs. But in more closely cultivated ground it is almost invariably looked upon as a nuisance and a weed, and among the smaller, choicer Alpine plants on the rock garden it can be an intolerable pest most difficult to eradicate.

I can remember one instance, however, when *Ranunculus ficaria* put up a most effective performance as an uninvited volunteer in an example of typically Victorian bedding-out. It was in the garden of the home of my childhood. There were four little rectangular beds, each about 5 or 6 ft. square, set in lawn, with narrow turf paths dividing them. Every autumn these beds were planted, each with a regiment of hyacinth bulbs, and every spring, almost before the hyacinths had begun to break surface, the beds became thickly carpeted with the fresh green leaves of Lesser Celandine, and then with a rich spangle of their golden blossoms. Delightful. So much pleasanter than bare soil. But just because they were wild things, in fact weeds, they greatly distressed our gardener, and were mildly frowned upon by the family, except this child, who loved them dearly. Long before it was time to replace the hyacinths with geraniums and lobelias, or whatever it was that Victorian taste dictated, the celandines had gone to ground. Not a trace of a leaf to be seen, and at the time of the change-over to summer bedding, the silly gardener wasted endless time digging the beds over, and picking out the little white celandine tubers in the vain hope of exterminating them. Of course, they came up thicker than ever next spring, bless them. If only it had cost good money to buy tubers of *Ranunculus ficaria* to produce that emerald, gold-spangled undercarpet for the hyacinths everyone would have been enchanted instead of just one small child.

The Lesser Celandine has given several distinct varieties which have found their way into

CELANDINES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

gardens. There is a creamy-white flowered form, which I have seen but never possessed, and there is, or was, a variety with variegated leaves which the late Mr. E. A. Bowles collected, and described in his book "My Garden in Spring."

Then there is the giant form from Italy, which is three times the size of our native celandine, but not nearly such a fanatical multiplier. I saw it

certain amount of green. It has always struck me as rather coarse in both form and colour, for which reason I have carefully avoided the risk of being offered a root. But a few days ago Mr. Oliver Wyatt showed me, in his wonderful woodland garden at Maidwell Hall, another form of double celandine, with smaller, neater blossoms of a good clear gold. A very much nicer thing than the larger type. I was delighted to carry off a tuft of this for my garden.

But the most attractive variety of *Ranunculus ficaria* that I have met is one with single flowers of a splendid orange colour. I saw it first at Kew Gardens. It had been discovered in the wild, and collected, I was told, by a lady enthusiast, and presented by her to Kew, and it was from Kew that I received a root. It grows here in a bed on the north side of my house, in company with a few primulas, wood anemones, my own variety of *Saxifraga primuloides*, the hermaphrodite form of Butcher's Broom, which is heavily laden each winter with innumerable great scarlet berries, and a few other shade lovers. These various forms of the Lesser Celandine are most attractive things to have about in appropriate odd corners of the garden, and they flower early when there is not too much competition from more sophisticated things, and then, having said their piece, they disappear completely, and are no more seen until the following spring. In spite of going to earth and leaving no trace in this way, there is little chance of their becoming lost, in the course of digging, weeding and the general run of cultivation. The little dormant tubers may be disturbed and displaced, but without fail they come up next spring, increased, if anything, by rough usage.

The Greater Celandine, *Chelidonium majus*, is a very different plant to the Lesser. A fairly common British native, it grows to a height of 1 to 2 ft., with rather fernlike leaves and loose heads of attractive golden blossoms, and both stems and leaves when broken exude a bright orange, milky juice. The name *Chelidonium* was used by Dioscorides, from *chelidon*, a swallow, because the plant's flowering is supposed to coincide with the arrival of the swallows, whilst it dies down when they depart. Personally, I prefer the legend that swallows use the orange-juice of the plant to cure blindness in their young, though how the clever little creatures discovered this

use for the plant—well—we can only fall back upon the cliché that nature is wonderful, or remember how fertile were the imaginations of the old herbalists and of the early naturalists—and unnaturalists.

TIL VORE DANSKE LÆSERE.

Udgivet i en af de største hovedstæder og læst jorden over, *The Illustrated London News* har, siden 1842, bragt nyheder i billeder fra alle verdens hjørner. Paa denne maade har det vundet en international læserkreds, navnlig i saadan lande som Danmark hvor Engelsk er vidt lært og talt. Vores Danske læsere vil navnlig være interesseret i de smukke farve fotografier af deres kongelige familie, som udkommer i dette nummer i forbindelse med det officielle besøg af Hendes Majestæt Dronning Elizabeth og Hans Kongelige Højhed Hertugen af Edinburgh til Danmark.

Et aarligt abonnement paa de to og halvtreds numre af *The Illustrated London News*, samt det smukke Julenummer, vil være en ugentlig glæde for Deres familie eller venner. Den nærmeste maade at abonnere er at købe en international postanvisning (faaes paa posthuse verden over) og send denne til vores abonnement afdeling.



ONE OF THE DOUBLE FORMS OF THE LESSER CELANDINE—*RANUNCULUS FICARIA* FL. PL. MR. ELLIOTT SPEAKS OF A FORM WITH SMALL, NEAT BLOSSOMS OF A GOOD CLEAR GOLD.



"THE MOST ATTRACTIVE VARIETY OF *RANUNCULUS FICARIA* THAT I HAVE MET IS ONE WITH SINGLE FLOWERS OF A SPLENDID ORANGE COLOUR": A POT-GROWN SPECIMEN IN WHICH THE LEAVES LOOK LIKE *CYCLAMEN NEAPOLITANUM*. (Photographs by D. F. Merrett.)

first in the garden at Gravetye, where the great William Robinson gave me a generous forkful. A good plant for the wilder parts of the garden. I grew it at Stevenage, but more, I confess, for associations than for any deep admiration for the plant. There are two double-flowered varieties in cultivation. Until recently I had only known—and deliberately *not* grown—a form with rather large double blossoms, whose gold is tinged with a

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TO OUR DANISH READERS.

Published in the greatest of metropolitan centres and read all over the world, *The Illustrated London News* has, since 1842, reported in pictures events from every corner of the earth. In this way it has won an international readership, especially in countries such as Denmark, where English is widely spoken and taught. Our Danish readers will be particularly interested in the magnificent colour photographs of their Royal Family published in this issue to mark the forthcoming State visit to Denmark of H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

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LAKE CHARGOGGAGOGGMANCHAUGGAGOGGCHAUBUNAGUNGAMAUGG.



AT WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS: THE LAKE WHICH IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS ITS NAME IS LONG. ITS BLUE WATERS ARE CLEAR AND SPARKLING.



ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR SPOTS ON THE BIG LAKE: THE MEMORIAL BEACH AND BATHHOUSE. THIS AREA IS DEDICATED TO WAR VETERANS.



AT THE WIDEST POINT OF THE LAKE: THE NAVY YARD, A SANDY COVE WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR YEARS BY THIS NAUTICAL TERM.



ONCE A HOTEL ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE AT COLONIAL PARK: LUTHERWOOD, WHICH IS NOW A LUTHERAN HOLIDAY AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING CAMP.



A FAVOURITE ANCHORAGE FOR SAILING BOATS: SNUG HARBOUR JUST OFF THOMPSON ROAD. SAILING, FISHING AND BATHING ARE AMONG THE LAKE'S ATTRACTIONS.

FAMED FOR ITS GREAT BEAUTY AS WELL AS ITS FORTY-FIVE-LETTER NAME: WEBSTER'S LOVELY LAKE.

What's in a name? To start with, forty-five letters, fifteen of which are "g's" and nine of which are "a's" if you are writing the name of the largest and most beautiful lake in Massachusetts—Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg—which is a mile from the heart of Webster, and forty-five miles from Boston. This lake with its blue sparkling waters is fed largely by springs, and it was here that the Indians once gathered for peaceful conferences and fishing. Historians say that the name means "The Fishing Place at the Boundaries and Neutral Meeting Grounds." To-day

the only link with the past is the Indian Burial Ground. The lake, which covers 1442 acres, has seventeen miles of shoreline; and comprises three lakes joined by narrow channels, the North Pond, Middle Pond and South Pond. It is little wonder that this lake has become a popular holiday centre, for there is fine fishing, sailing, bathing, water-ski-ing and much else to be enjoyed amid beautiful surroundings. For the sake of compositors and others the lake is sometimes known as Lake Webster, but it is really quite simple to pronounce thus: Char-gógg-a-gógg-man-cháugg-a-gógg-chau-bún-a-gún-ga-máugg.



WHEN I open a book about old pictures and find myself confronted with numerous X-ray photographs, I immediately suspect a plot to tell me a great deal about paint, but very little about painting—or, to put it in another way, a lot about matter, but not much about spirit. This Phaidon volume* by John Walker, Director



"THE FEAST OF THE GODS," BY GIOVANNI BELLINI: ONE OF THE FOUR CANVASES PAINTED FOR DUKE ALFONSO I D'ESTE'S STUDY IN THE CASTLE AT FERRARA.

The new Phaidon volume reviewed here—"Bellini and Titian at Ferrara," by John Walker—discusses four great paintings which once adorned a room in the Castle at Ferrara, and which after their removal were to have wide influence on artists such as Rubens and Poussin. One of the major problems facing the student of these paintings is to discover the extent to which Bellini and Titian collaborated on "The Feast of the Gods," which is now in the National Gallery of Art at Washington. In his book (from which these illustrations are reproduced) Mr. Walker, who is Director of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, clarifies this problem—a task in which he has been greatly aided by X-ray photographs, such as the one reproduced here.

of The National Gallery of Art, Washington, is not that kind of book; scientific aids to knowledge are kept in their proper place as servants, not masters, of the imagination, and the result is a kind of sober detective story which demands close attention and, as the evidence accumulates, probes several fascinating minor mysteries. The book is concerned with four great pictures painted to the order of Alfonso I d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, for his study.

The first of these is "The Feast of the Gods," which later belonged to the Duke of Northumberland and was eventually acquired by Joseph Widener, and is now in the Widener Collection at Washington. This was signed by Giovanni Bellini in 1514, was recognised from the very beginning as a supreme example of Venetian painting, and yet presented a difficult problem, for it was known that Titian worked upon it, probably both before and after it left Bellini's studio. What was the extent of Titian's collaboration? Did he alter much or little? The answer, thanks to the X-ray, now seems clear enough. For example, the first background is now seen to have been a landscape with trees extending across the whole breadth of the picture, as in other Bellini landscapes. There are traces of a second background, possibly painted by both men in collaboration. Then there is the third—the final background—consisting of the present magnificent scenery of forest and mountain, unquestionably by Titian, and probably painted later to make "The Feast of the Gods" harmonise with the three other pictures wholly by Titian—

* "Bellini and Titian at Ferrara—A Study of Styles and Taste." By John Walker. With 70 illustrations. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

A STUDY OF FOUR FAMOUS PICTURES.

that is the "Bacchus and Ariadne," now in The National Gallery, and "The Venus Worship" and "The Andrians," both in the Prado, Madrid.

All four masterpieces remained in the room for which they had been painted until 1598, when Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini occupied the city in the name of Pope Clement VIII and carried them off to Rome. Two of them, "The Andrians" and "The Venus Worship," had passed from the Aldobrandini family to that of the Ludovisi by 1638, when a member of the latter family sent them to Philip IV of Spain as a present. In this connection, Mr. Walker quotes a letter of 1638 from Sir Arthur

Hopton, Charles I's ambassador in Madrid, in which he tactfully points out that the works of art the Queen of England had sent "were discovered to be no Originals. They" [that is, the King and Queen of Spain] "are now become more judicious in and more affectioned unto the Art of Paynting, then they have been, or then the world imagines." He then mentions the Titians. (The "Bacchus and Ariadne" was bought in Rome in 1806 and, after belonging to several owners, including Lord Kinnaird, reached The National Gallery in 1826.)

Very naturally, the extent of the contribution of Titian to Bellini's "The

real renown began. At the Villa Aldobrandini the pictures were apparently easy to see, and painters were even permitted to copy them. Moreover, in Rome, they were four permanent creations of Venetian art entrenched, so to speak, in the citadel of the enemy . . . they defiantly proclaimed the warmth and painterly quality of Venetian art. . . . Over these pictures from the *camerino* were fought the first skirmishes of a long battle which lasted from the end of the Renaissance until recent times, with one of the final engagements, the struggle between the Romanticism of Delacroix, so Venetian in its point of view, and the Classicism of Ingres, so close in spirit to the Roman School. Yet the two patriarchs of these warring schools of painting, Poussin, the apostle of Classicism, and Rubens, the hero of Romanticism, were both enthralled by them.

Rubens made copies of both "The Venus Worship" and of "The Andrians," and these, together with copies of other Titians which were painted in Madrid, were in his studio at his death; Poussin copied "The Feast of the Gods" and "Bacchus and Ariadne." The two Rubens copies are at Stockholm. In addition, there are numerous examples in the work of both painters of the influence of details from all four pictures, so that—if one can put it succinctly—we can see these two great Masters of very different temperaments translating into their own characteristic and original language the authentic accents of sixteenth-century Venice. Here is a remark of Sandrart in 1675 quoted by Mr. Walker:

Once when, in the company of Pietro da Cortona, François Duquesnoy, Poussin, Claude Lorrain and others, I was able to see one of the Bacchanals, we all looked at it with great enjoyment and were of the unanimous opinion that Titian never executed anything more gay, charming and beautiful, since art and nature are presented together with the greatest delicacy in every part.

An opinion which, as far as I am aware, every succeeding generation has echoed.

But there is another sense also, says Mr. Walker, in which these pictures are important—

they foretell the end of that intimate relationship between architecture and painting that had traditionally existed . . . now the painter executes his commissions in his studio, not altogether certain where his canvases will be hung. They arrive at their



REVEALING THE EXTENT OF THE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN BELLINI AND TITIAN: AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF "THE FEAST OF THE GODS," WHICH CLEARLY SHOWS THE ORIGINAL BACKGROUND OF THIS FAMOUS PAINTING.

"Feast of the Gods" presents the major problem and this is dealt with in great detail. It becomes abundantly clear that he not only painted the superbly dramatic background, but made many small but significant alterations to the figures to adapt them to the Duke's somewhat erotic taste; something which, in any other man, we should surely be justified in labelling as a gross piece of impertinence. Yet the grave, monumental beauty of Bellini's original conception remains unimpaired—indeed, heightened by the wonderful landscape—so that, in its final shape, the picture remains an astonishing amalgam of the ideals of both the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. But there is more to be said about all four paintings than that, and to many the author's careful study of the influence they exercised upon later generations will be at least as fascinating as his account of their origin. Here I think I must quote:

It was not until "The Feast of the Gods" and the Titian Bacchanals were removed to Rome that their

destination, are installed and perhaps fail to harmonise with their surroundings. . . . Ultimately the room is dismantled, the pictures sent elsewhere. Other artists admire and copy them. . . . Such mobility and self-sufficiency is novel for paintings, and out of this desultory wandering, which begins in the 16th century, gradually develops the modern easel picture, which can trace among its most distinguished and earliest ancestors "The Feast of the Gods," "The Venus Worship," "The Andrians," and the "Bacchus and Ariadne."

BELLOTTO'S WARSAW: A NOTABLE LOAN EXHIBITION FROM POLAND.



"VIEW OF WARSAW FROM PRAGA"; AN OUTSTANDING WORK IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-80) FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WARSAW, WHICH CONTINUES AT THE WHITE-CHAPEL ART GALLERY UNTIL MAY 30. (Oil on canvas; 68 by 102½ ins.)



"VIEW OF WARSAW FROM THE TERRACE OF THE ROYAL PALACE." BELLOTTO, THE NEPHEW OF CANALETTO, LIVED AND WORKED IN WARSAW FROM 1767 TILL HIS DEATH AND MADE A MASTERLY RECORD OF THE CITY. (Oil on canvas; 65½ by 106 ins.)

BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-80), nephew and pupil of Antonio Canaletto, spent the last fourteen years of his life in Warsaw and left a unique record of this city at an important time in its development. These paintings and drawings of Warsaw form the outstanding feature in the collection of twenty-nine paintings and sixty-one drawings at the National Museum of Warsaw. In association with the Polish Government this entire collection has

[Continued below.]

(Right.)

"VIEW OF UJAZDOW AND LAZIENKI"; A WORK WHICH ILLUSTRATES BELLOTTO'S MASTERY IN LANDSCAPE AS WELL AS TOWNSCAPE. THE CASTLE OF UJAZDOW IS IN THE CENTRE.

(Oil on canvas; 57½ by 95½ ins.)



"VIEW OF THE KRAKOWSKIE PRZEDMIEŚCIE LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLUMN OF SIGISMUND III AND THE CRACOW GATE"; AN EXAMPLE OF BELLOTTO'S LIVELY PAINTING OF FIGURES IN HIS STREET SCENES. (Oil on canvas; 45½ by 67 ins.)

Continued:

been brought to this country and forms a most spectacular exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where it is to be seen until May 30. From June 12-July 12 the exhibition will be shown at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and in August it will be seen at York. The paintings of Warsaw reveal Bellotto's great mastery of architectural detail—indeed they were widely used in the reconstruction of Warsaw after the war—and also illustrate his wonderful feeling for atmosphere and light; though his is mostly a sunny



"DLUGA STREET." THE LONG, LOW BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE SCHOOL WHERE KING STANISLAS AUGUSTUS, BELLOTTO'S ENLIGHTENED PATRON, WAS EDUCATED. (Oil on canvas; 33 by 42 ins.)

Warsaw and certainly never a snowy one. Another feature is Bellotto's skilful portrayal of the life in the streets and buildings which he has painted. Many of the drawings shown are studies of groups of figures—and a closer look at some of the groups in the paintings confirms Bellotto's fine feeling for costume and expression. The historical painting, "The Election of Stanislas Augustus," provides a further example of Bellotto's skill in figure painting, and adds to his fascinating record of eighteenth-century Poland.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ARE RABBITS CHANGING HABITS?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FEW years ago myxomatosis all but wiped out the rabbit in this country, but there are undoubted signs now that the few survivors are beginning to multiply and there is the chance that we may expect to see more rabbits, in spite of the rigorous measures now being taken, with total extermination as their aim. After the full wave

habit and the absence of predators. Thus, I argued, in spreading from the Iberian peninsula the rabbits may have encountered new or more abundant enemies, which caused them to burrow for shelter. It could also be that in Australia where cats, dogs, foxes and possibly other predators had been introduced, either deliberately to prey upon the rabbits or for other reasons, these predators might be expected more especially in the areas of human settlement. By supposing that such enemies would thin out as more remote areas were reached there seemed to be a parallel with what has been suggested for Europe.

About the time that this was fresh in mind, I happened to be in South Wales to deliver a lecture and I put this hypothesis forward, tentatively. At the end of the lecture, a member of the audience rose to say that he could assert positively that in certain parts of the Welsh

this country who assert positively that they have seen rabbits living at the surface in other parts of the British Isles, but they were not definite about the circumstances in which this occurs.

I am inclined now to see another explanation. If it were true that the spread of the rabbit in Europe was largely or partly effected by the Romans, we could expect the pattern of these introductions to have been similar to that seen in Britain. Here the rabbit seems to have been introduced not by the Romans, as is so often asserted, but by the Normans. Documentary evidence shows that it was a valued addition to the other household stock and that the rabbits were kept in warrens. These, in later times, formed the centres for the spread which, once the whole country came under the plough, turned the rabbit from a desirable stock to a pest.

If we suppose, as a preliminary hypothesis, that density of population could have been the main influence in causing habitual burrowing, then the scattered information begins to drop neatly into place. In the warrens, where the density of population was high, burrowing would be the rule. As the rabbits spread outwards they might, conceivably, have lived on the surface at first, and then, as the density of numbers grew, begun to burrow. Such an hypothesis would fit the instance reported in the Welsh mountains, on the assumption that on the higher ground rabbits were fewer in number. It could also support the idea that in some places in Australia, and such places would be likely to be well removed from human settlement, they also lived at the surface. Such a departure from a burrowing habit would then have nothing to do with the presence or absence of enemies. This hypothesis would also fit the present situation here: with the populations drastically thinned out the burrowing habit is given up.

All this assumes that the slender information about the early history of the rabbit in Europe is correct. It also presupposes other information to be correct. And it also assumes that the assertion being made to-day about the rabbits here has some foundation in fact. Although my opportunities for keeping watch on what rabbits are doing are not as good as those of farmers, gamekeepers and others, I have kept some note of events. The most I would be prepared to say is that I have seen very little sign of rabbits using the old burrows. Only in two places have I seen signs of freshly excavated earth. Here and there one sees the living beasts, but where they hide out is another matter.

The whole subject of a rabbit's burrowing is puzzling. There is little in the build of the animal to suggest that it would excavate so extensively. If, for example, all we knew of it was a fossil skeleton, it is doubtful if any palaeontologist would guess it to have lived in deep burrows. He would be more likely to describe the remains as those of an animal that depended solely upon speed for security. Yet the digging reflex is present even in young rabbits, soon after their eyes are open. Even a tame rabbit, the product of generations of domesticated forbears and kept in a hutch for several years, will, if it obtains its liberty and is left undisturbed, start to burrow. It will scrape a little here and there, and perhaps dig more deeply in another place. This may mean that it is excavating for shelter or it may mean that it is merely following an inborn impulse to dig for roots.

Let it be confessed that in all this we are guessing and doing so somewhat wildly. We must do so because we have so few parallels by which to assess the value of what little evidence we have. If nothing else, this emphasises how little we know of animal behaviour in relation to the passage of time.



NOW REPORTED TO BE LIVING AT THE SURFACE INSTEAD OF BURROWING: THE WILD RABBIT, WHOSE POST-MYXOMATOSIS HABITS ARE DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE.

of myxomatosis had passed it was unusual to see a rabbit in a day's march, except that every now and then one came across an "island" of rabbits which seemed to have come through the plague unscathed. These "islands" apart, however, the countryside seemed entirely bare of this, formerly, commonplace and familiar animal. As time went on, although there were still no obvious signs of it, one did see, quite occasionally, a rabbit diving into cover at one's approach. Later, when snow covered the ground, we saw unmistakable signs of their tracks. The impression conveyed is, therefore, that with the drastic reduction in their numbers rabbits have also changed their habits, that instead of coming out to feed in the open and bolting for cover when danger is immediate, they seem to be keeping to cover most of the time, and quickly diving for it if they do come out. Another suggestion is being widely discussed, that the post-myxomatosis rabbits are living at the surface instead of burrowing.

Several years ago I went fairly fully into the history of the European rabbit, in so far as it is known. From the slender information available it seems that its home, within historic times, was in south-west Europe and that during the period of Roman domination it spread over Europe from the Iberian peninsula. There is no evidence to show whether this was a natural spread or whether it was that the Romans were active agents in this. What is not so important here, however, is the hint given that it was during this spread the rabbit took to burrowing as a regular habit. I use the word "hint" advisedly, for such writers as refer to it do so without, in my experience, referring to the source of their information. It was at about this time when I was reading for further data on the history of the rabbit in Europe that I read—in what book I cannot now recall—that in Australia, the introduced rabbit nests on the surface when it is living far removed from human habitations.

It seemed to me then that there might be some correlation here between the absence of a burrowing



THE LOOK-OUT: A WILD RABBIT IN AN ATTITUDE FREQUENTLY ADOPTED WHEN IN TALL GRASS OR VEGETATION. SINCE MYXOMATOSIS REMOVED THE FAMILIAR RABBIT FROM BRITAIN'S COUNTRYSIDE IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT THE SURVIVORS, NOW BEGINNING TO MULTIPLY, ARE CHANGING THEIR HABITS AND KEEPING TO COVER MOST OF THE TIME.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

mountains he had seen rabbits living, and having their litters, on the surface, above the level normally visited by foxes. I endeavoured at that time to obtain further information on the habits of rabbits in Australia but the results, as they applied to this point, were negative. On the other hand, I have come across several more people in

WITHOUT HANDS: A LONDON EXHIBITION OF MOUTH AND FOOT PAINTINGS.



"HORSES": A LITHOGRAPH BY CEFISCHER, WHO IS GERMAN, AND PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH: IN THE EXHIBITION OF "MOUTH AND FOOT PAINTINGS," WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE TEA CENTRE, LOWER REGENT STREET, UNTIL MAY 21.



"LION": ANOTHER POWERFUL LITHOGRAPH BY CEFISCHER, WHO LOST HIS HANDS IN THE WAR. HE SPECIALISES IN ANIMAL SUBJECTS AND DRAWS A WEEKLY CARTOON SERIES—"OSKAR THE CAT"—IN THE *FRANKFURTER ILLUSTRIERTE*.



"TULIPS": AN OIL PAINTING BY THE FRENCH ARTIST MADELAINE JARS, WHO PAINTS WITH THE MOUTH. SHE WAS BORN DUMB AND WITHOUT THE USE OF HER ARMS OR FEET.



"ANTHURIUMS": PAINTED WITH HIS FEET BY BRUNO SCHMITZ-HOCHBURG THOMAS. THIS GERMAN ARTIST LOST BOTH ARMS IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.



"STILL-LIFE": AN OIL PAINTING BY MARIE-LOUISE TOWAE, WHO WAS BORN WITHOUT ARMS. SHE IS FRENCH AND PAINTS WITH HER FEET. MISS TOWAE CAME TO LONDON FOR THIS EXHIBITION.



"WINTER EVENING": A WATER-COLOUR BY DAVID JACKSON, WHO LIVES IN SURREY AND PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH. MR. JACKSON, ONE OF SEVERAL BRITISH ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION, IS PARALYSED BY POLIO.

The remarkable results achieved by artists whose disabilities have forced them to learn to paint or draw with their mouth or foot are illustrated in the exhibition of "Mouth and Foot Paintings," at the Tea Centre. Most of the artists exhibiting are members of the Association of Mouth and Foot Painting Artists, which has its headquarters in Liechtenstein, and was founded by the German artist Arnulf Erich Stegmann last year. Membership of this international body is only granted to artists who reach a standard high enough



"BURANO 7": AN OIL PAINTING BY ARNULF ERICH STEGMANN, OF MUNICH, WHO PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH, AND WAS THE FOUNDER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MOUTH AND FOOT PAINTING ARTISTS.

to compete with that of artists who work with their hands. The Association, in co-operation with publishers in fourteen countries, helps its members by creating a market for their work through the sale of greetings cards, calendars and prints. The remarkable courage of these gravely disabled artists is illustrated in a short colour film which is shown at the exhibition, and gives a vivid impression of the incredible dexterity they have achieved with their mouth or foot. The exhibition is a worthy record of their achievements.

HISTORIC BUCKINGHAMSHIRE CHURCHES: SUBJECTS OF A RECENT APPEAL FOR HELP.



ONE OF THE HISTORIC CHURCHES OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: ELLESBOROUGH, THE PARISH CHURCH OF CHEQUERS, BESIDE THE ICKNIELD WAY.



A TYPICAL NORTH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE CHURCH: LILLINGSTONE LOVELL, NEAR THE NORTHANTS BORDER. MAINLY DECORATED, WITH GOOD BRASSES AND A 17TH-CENTURY PULPIT.



ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, WEST WYCOMBE, REBUILT FOR SIR FRANCIS DASHWOOD IN 1763. IT HAS A REMARKABLE STUCCO-WORK INTERIOR.



THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TOWER OF THE TYPICAL MID-BUCKS PARISH CHURCH OF WHITCHURCH. MAINLY DECORATED.



THE LITTLE CLASSICAL CHURCH OF GAYHURST, WHICH HAS A BAROQUE CEILING AND STANDS IN THE PARK BY GAYHURST HOUSE. THERE IS NO VILLAGE.



ALL SAINTS, HILLEDEN, THE "CATHEDRAL IN THE FIELDS," WAS BUILT IN 1493 AND IS THE FINEST PERPENDICULAR CHURCH IN THE COUNTY. NEEDING £2000 FOR URGENT REPAIRS.



THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF HADDENHAM. THIS IS MAINLY EARLY ENGLISH, INCLUDING THE FINE DOMINATING TOWER SHOWN.

On May 1, Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, the Lord-Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, launched an appeal for the Buckinghamshire Historic Churches Trust, a body affiliated to the National Trust for the Preservation of Historic Churches. Buckinghamshire, a county rich in beauty and ancient tradition, has a wealth of old churches. The purpose of this trust and appeal is not to supersede the great local efforts which are being made but to supplement them. Many of these churches are remote or serve tiny congregations and even great efforts by

the local inhabitants can not hope to meet the rising cost of repair and maintenance. The trust is non-denominational, for although most of Buckinghamshire historic churches are Anglican, not all are so; there are, for example, the famous Quaker meeting-place at Jordans; Keach's Meeting House, the humble Baptist Chapel at Winslow; and Pugin's Roman Catholic church at Marlow. Contributions to the appeal may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. F. Serby, Esq., County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.



COSTA RICA'S ONLY WOMAN MINISTER : SENORA DONA VIRGINIA DE GALLEGOS IN HER COUNTRY'S NATIONAL COSTUME.

Señora Doña Virginia de Gallegos, who was Costa Rican Minister to Great Britain for nearly two years, is seen here wearing the colourful national costume of her country. This costume is still worn by Costa Rican women on festive occasions. Señora Doña de Gallegos, who is a widow, has two sons—Alfredo, who is fourteen, and Jerg, who is twelve. Both are attending the American school in London's Grosvenor Square. When Señora de Gallegos arrived in London in May 1955 she had the distinction of being the first woman

Minister to represent a foreign country in England, with the exception of Mrs. V. L. Pandit, India's High Commissioner. She was also the first woman Minister to be sent abroad by a Central American Republic. The Costa Rican Legation in London was recently elevated to an Embassy and the Ambassador, H.E. Señor Licenciado Don Humberto Pacheco Coto, presented his Letters of Credence to the Queen on March 14. Señora de Gallegos, who retains the title of Minister, remained in London while awaiting news of her next appointment.



A BRITISH GIFT TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES: *MAYFLOWER II*, SHORTLY AFTER HER COMPLETION.

Mayflower II, a replica of the ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to the New World in 1620, was built to be presented to the people of the United States as a gift from Britain. Arrangements for *Mayflower II* after her arrival in America included a visit to New York City—and possibly visits to other cities also—and her mooring at Plymouth, Mass., where she was to remain as a constant symbol of the friendship of the two nations. She

was to be berthed in the Eel River near the replica Pilgrim village which is being constructed close to the site of the original Plymouth village of the Pilgrim Fathers. In the replica village will be thatched dwelling-houses, the meeting-house and fort, and a museum, while nearby is Plymouth Rock where the Pilgrims landed. *Mayflower II* has been regarded in America as a noteworthy addition to the new national memorial at Plymouth.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A NOTED BRITISH ACTRESS:
THE LATE MISS KATIE JOHNSON. Miss Katie Johnson, who won the British Film Academy's Award for the best British actress in 1955 for her part in the film "The Ladykillers," died at the age of seventy-eight on May 4. Following "The Ladykillers," she made several television and radio appearances, and had just completed a new film comedy. Miss Johnson was the widow of the actor, Frank G. Bayly.



KILLED IN THE MILLE MIGLIA:
THE LATE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO. The Marquis de Portago, who was killed in the Mille Miglia car race near Mantua on May 12, was well known as a daring sportsman in many fields. A Spaniard, he was born in 1928 in London, where he spent much of early life. In motor-racing he had, among several successes, won the Tour de France.



ART CONNOISSEUR AND FORMER M.P.:
THE LATE JAMES A. DE ROTHSCHILD. Mr. James A. de Rothschild, who was a former Trustee of the Wallace Collection and was Liberal M.P. for the Isle of Ely from 1929 to 1945, died on May 7 aged seventy-eight. He served in the First World War, and in 1945 was Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply. He helped found the Anglo-Palestine Club and was a well-known racehorse owner.



OPERA AND MUSICAL COMEDY STAR:
THE LATE MR. EZIO PINZA. Mr. Ezio Pinza, who died in the United States on May 9, aged sixty-four, left the Metropolitan Opera Company at the peak of his career as a bass-baritone to achieve even greater success as the planter in the musical "South Pacific" in 1948. Within a year he was starring in Hollywood films.



KILLED IN A ROAD ACCIDENT:
MR. MACDONALD DALY. Mr. Macdonald Daly, the television personality who was known internationally as a judge of dogs, was killed when his car overturned into a ditch within a mile of his home at Winslow, on May 8. His wife, who was with him, was seriously injured. Mr. Macdonald Daly, who was forty-seven, had returned to London Airport from abroad a few hours before the accident occurred.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR IN PRAGUE:
MR. P. F. GREY.

Mr. P. F. Grey, at present Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, has been appointed Ambassador in Prague, it was announced on May 2. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. From 1951 to 1954 he was Minister at the British Embassy in Moscow. He will be succeeding Sir Clinton Pelham, who is retiring from the Foreign Service.



AFTER WINNING THE RUGBY LEAGUE CUP AT WEMBLEY: MEMBERS OF THE LEEDS TEAM
"CHAIRING" THEIR CAPTAIN, K. McLELLAN.

Leeds won the Rugby League Cup this year when they defeated Barrow 9 to 7 (three tries to two goals and a try) at Wembley on May 11. It was the seventh time the team had won the Cup. The previous Saturday Aston Villa had also scored a seventh Cup Final victory when they won the Football Association Cup. The Leeds victory was in doubt until the last moment, but during the match this young team showed great promise.



TO BE ARCHBISHOP OF CAPE TOWN:
THE RT. REV. JOOST DE BLANK. The Right Rev. Joost de Blank, Bishop Suffragan of Stepney since 1952, has been appointed as Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town. He is of Dutch origin and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Queens' College and Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1931. He is known as a man of great pastoral zeal and as an outspoken critic of injustice.



COLOMBIA'S FORMER DICTATOR EXILED:
GENERAL ROJAS.

General Rojas, who has been Colombia's dictator since he seized power in 1953, was deposed and exiled on May 10, two days after he had been re-elected President by the Constituent Assembly, which he himself had created. There were about 100 killed and 200 injured in riots during the recent election.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S OPERATION:
MR. JAMES CROOKS.

The operation on the Duke of Cornwall for the removal of tonsils and adenoids was performed by Mr. James Crooks at Buckingham Palace on May 9. He is senior ear, nose and throat surgeon at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. The bulletin after the operation was signed by Mr. Crooks and three other doctors.

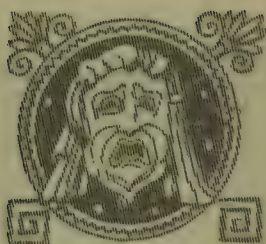


A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR AND FILM DIRECTOR DIES:
ERICH VON STROHEIM. Erich von Stroheim, the actor and film director, died aged seventy-one on May 12. After going to America, he became one of Hollywood's pioneers, directing nine films there between 1918 and 1932. One of his great films was "Greed," and he appeared more recently in "Sunset Boulevard" and "Five Graves to Cairo."



TO BE THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE WEST INDIES: LORD HAILES.

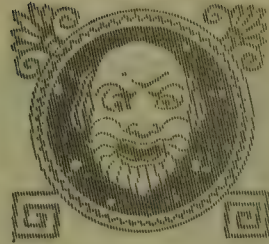
Lord Hailes, who as Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, was Conservative Chief Whip in the House of Commons, has been appointed to be the first Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the West Indies. Lord Hailes, who is fifty-six, was Minister of Works from December 1955 until early this year.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SECOND FEATURES.

By ALAN DENT.



VISITING the famous Academy Cinema in Oxford Street the other day, I forbore to ask the management why it has stopped issuing those useful little souvenir-programmes which were almost the last in the World of the Cinema, and for which I recently praised this courteous house on this page. The answer—I knew full well—was almost bound to contain that ultra-modern bug-bear of a phrase, "overhead expenses." What I wanted to know was the name of the director of the Italian film, "Friends for Life," which was the second feature in their programme. I shall ascertain it by telephone at the end of my space.

He is a most sensitive director, and he models his story beautifully and memorably. It is a simple and forthright tale of two school-boys in Rome who form what constitutes a lifelong friendship though they part at the end, possibly never to meet again. Mario, the dark one, is the son of a potter and sculptor; and Franco, the fair one, is the son of a diplomat, a widower, who does not know whether and when he may be sent to the Sudan or South America at any day or in any year. These two parents are admirably acted but kept strictly in the background.

It is the two boys in the foreground who make the picture. They are boys of thirteen, full of pointless enthusiasms, rages, passions, mischief. They first meet in the schoolroom. Franco, who has been sent to this school for only a short period, since he travels around the globe with his father, innocently usurps Mario's particular seat on his first morning. It is an English language class, in which the pupils are required to speak nothing but English, whatever its Italianate quality may be. Franco astonishes the master and the class

another, and of regarding their parting at the airport at the end as something almost as bad as death. Some modern cynic writing of early love-affairs coins the phrase, "the safe, sad charm of these bogus heartbreaks." This film reminds us that even earlier attachments, the mutual devotion of infants, for example, can be just as splendidly sad and need be not at all bogus.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



GERONIMO MEYNIER AS MARIO (LEFT) AND ANDREA SCIRE AS FRANCO IN "AMICI PER LA PELLE" ("FRIENDS FOR LIFE").

In choosing Geronimo Meynier and Andrea Scire, Alan Dent writes: "These two Italian boys, giving a double, mutual, complementary performance, play with natural charm and give at least the illusion of remarkable emotional skill under the uncannily good direction of Franco Rossi. The subject—a schoolboy friendship—might so easily plunge into mawkishness. Not once does it take the plunge. The film, with this double performance at its head, has a light, lovely lyrical touch, and like the not dissimilar 'Bicycle Thieves,' it is full of humour as well."

This Italian film, which won much honour at last year's Cannes Festival, was only the second or supporting feature at the Academy where the main offering was an impressive, but insufficiently documented travel-film, "The Lost Continent." This takes us from Hong Kong to Siam, and from Borneo to Sumatra, and it shows us many wonderful strange sights and people and customs and ceremonials. One would, in fact, give it high praise for venturesomeness, if only it were a little more direct and scientific in its information. For far too much of the time we don't know exactly where we are. To do so is the whole point of travel; otherwise we are merely lost.

At another famous cinema, the Curzon, I found exactly the same state of things, a second feature, "Jungle Beyond," which was distinctly more interesting than the top feature, "Typhoon over Nagasaki." The latter's real interest lies in the fact that it was made by French actors in Japan. The terrific typhoon at the end is not only a real typhoon but a real Japanese typhoon. The human element is much less real. The story is too trite. A young French engineer is having a flirtation

with a Japanese girl when his former mistress, a smart woman-journalist, turns up from Paris and lays him in thrall again the moment she scents an Oriental rivalry. Resignation and collapse of Madame Butterfly! In the part of Pinkerton, the popular and handsome Jean Marais oscillates limitedly between a wide smile and an air of slight worry; and, as his French friend, Danielle Darrieux seems inclined to do nothing at all nowadays except pout and look—in Daisy Ashford's phrase—"rather sneery." The Japanese girl, Keiko Kishi, is, on the other hand, irresistible.

The accompanying "Jungle Beyond" was made by a Norwegian explorer, Per Host, and takes us into the heart of the Central American jungle where live the little-known Cunas and Chocas—strange people who paint their bodies blacker than they are and leave only their faces, which are whiter than they should be. Here there is no sound-track commentary, only a super-imposed one in English. We get the native sounds and music on the sound-track. But M. Host has not a word to say. He is "silent upon a peak in Darien." The wild-life is amazingly photographed. Here be tapirs and sloths, and eke monkeys and snakes galore.

There are plenty of other admirable and under-noticed "second features" around. I recommend the interested reader to look out for "The Safety Match," a delicious Tchekov short story made by



"AN IMPRESSIVE BUT INSUFFICIENTLY DOCUMENTED TRAVEL-FILM": "THE LOST CONTINENT"—A SCENE SHOWING A CEREMONY IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAVA. THIS FILM WAS TAKEN, IN COLOUR, BY AN ITALIAN EXPEDITION FOLLOWING THE ROUTE OF MARCO POLO. (LONDON PREMIERE: ACADEMY CINEMA, APRIL 11.)

by explaining his accidental usurpation of Mario's seat in English which is nearly perfect in accent and expression, since he has lived for some years in or around Kensington, London. Hardly anything happens, and yet everything that does happen is memorable and significant. Mario claims to have a young lady and takes Franco to her birthday party, where the young lady treats Mario with not a whit more favour than the rest of her guests. Franco pretends to have a young lady of his own and is chagrined and humiliated when Mario exposes the fact that she is a myth.

Franco visits Mario in his slightly Bohemian home and wins the smiling approval of his friend's parents. Mario visits Franco in his slightly overpowering hotel and wins the smiling approval of his friend's genial and by no means overbearing father. It is all as gentle, as trivial, as undramatic as real life and early friendship tend to be. Yet with all their casualness the two little boys give the impression of being ready to die for one



"TYPHOON OVER NAGASAKI"; A SHOT WITH JEAN MARAIS AND THE "IRRESISTIBLE" JAPANESE ACTRESS, KEIKO KISHI. THIS FRENCH FILM, WHICH IS DIRECTED BY VVES CIAMPI, WAS MADE BY FRENCH ACTORS IN JAPAN.

Russians, which I found quite by accident the other day in Putney of all places, when I went to revisit René Clément's marvellous Zola film "Gervaise" at the enterprising Globe Cinema there. "The Safety Match" was its pendant and made a joyous and intensely Tchekovian hour. Incidentally the cinema was packed for both films, one in French and one in Russian.

And now, the result of my telephoning is the information that the director of "Friends for Life" is Franco Rossi and that this is his first major film. It is a beauty, a poem. Incidentally, the reason why no programmes are now issued is that the public resents paying for them and expects hand-out information for nothing. The Academy is "very sorry but overhead expenses..." I knew it was coming! I sometimes think that, these days, we are all dwellers in a rickety-rackety bungalow with a wolf at the front door and an even bigger, badder wolf at the back door. Overhead? Nothing but an attic-full of overhead expenses.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"INTERPOL" (Generally Released; May 6).—International crime drama with Trevor Howard trafficking in drugs, Victor Mature chasing him, and some fine spectacular shots of Rome, Athens, and Miss Ekberg.

"THE QUIET GUN" (Generally Released; May 6).—A conventional Western which will give pleasure to Western-fervents, and which has Forrest Tucker as an exceptionally high-minded sheriff.

"FOLIES BERGERE" (Generally Released; May 13).—This achieves some of the almost-too-concentrated frivolity of the live article, and has Zizi Jeanmaire (quicksilver and French) and Eddie Constantine (wooden and American) as its most prominent couple. All very Gallic, and sometimes quite witty.



THE FLIGHT FROM THE BEACHES: TROOPS STRAGGLE INTO THE SEA HOPING TO FIND A PLACE IN ONE OF THE CROWDED BOATS.



ONE OF THE SCENES SHOT AT CAMBER SANDS, NEAR RYE, ON MAY 8: SOLDIERS FLATTENING THEMSELVES ON THE SAND WHILE BEING ATTACKED BY IMAGINARY DIVE-BOMBERS.

REVIVING MEMORIES OF THE HEROIC DAYS OF 1940: DRAMATIC BEACH SCENES RE-ENACTED FOR THE FILM "DUNKIRK."

Some of the scenes for Sir Michael Balcon's film "Dunkirk" have been shot at Camber Sands, near Rye, Sussex. The Dunkirk beaches where the evacuation took place in 1940 have changed beyond recognition in the intervening years. For the beach scenes, Ealing Films secured the services of 4000 troops from the 3rd Infantry Division, and numbers of local people were recruited to act as French, Dutch and Belgian troops. The task of directing this huge cast, who were acting on a stage nearly a mile long, was performed by means of powerful public address loudspeakers, and

numerous field telephones and Army portable radios. On the command "Action!" thousands of soldiers would start running across the sands as though they were being attacked from the air and seeking refuge among the sand dunes, and at the same time the "bomb man" operated his switches to detonate pre-arranged and carefully-positioned explosions. Two of the principal actors in the film are John Mills and Richard Attenborough. It has taken Ealing Studios two years to prepare the reconstruction of the dramatic and historic events of 1940.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE TRUTH GAME.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE are used to surprises in the theatre just now, so I did not blench when, as I entered the Winter Garden Theatre, a kind official handed me a voting-paper. For a mad moment I did wonder whether the idea was to form an independent republic in Drury Lane; whether that night one of us would be voted enthusiastically into office as first President of the Winter Garden (pop., according to latest statistics, 1581).

The ballot-paper was nothing like that. It merely invited me to vote on the play's title. Apparently, on tour, it had been known as "The Lie Detector." Now it had reached the Winter Garden as "The Best Damn Lie." Which did I prefer? Personally, I had no doubt: the change of title seemed to be maladroitness for what would be, presumably, a melodrama. Still, I attached the paper carefully to the programme, prepared to deal with it as an honest and loyal citizen immediately the curtain fell.

It set me speculating on titles. The author of the play, Leo Marks, sprang another oddity on us years ago with "The Girl Who Couldn't Quite." Only a week before the Winter Garden premiere, the least expected title for some years had flowered into the lights of St. Martin's Lane, Ray Lawler's "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." The more one repeats that, the more of an inspiration it appears: it has strangeness and rhythm, and it starts one's curiosity. What can it mean, and why? There is nothing comparably curious in the West End at the moment, though Noël Coward's "Nude With Violin" is usefully enigmatic, and, of course, my favourite modern play, "The Chalk Garden," has a title precisely right, one that sends the mind queuing.

In this matter of titles, I think of Arnold Bennett, who most properly left nothing to chance. His modern-Faust play, staged by Gerald du Maurier at the St. James's twenty-nine years ago, was in rehearsal before it was christened. Bennett noted in his journal: "During the morning I put down eleven titles for the play, and in the end everyone agreed on one title, 'The Return Journey.' Whereupon this was officially given out to the Press-agent." A sound choice, though I would still like to know the other ten competitors. They had no voting-paper at the St. James's.

But the curtain had risen on "The Best Damn Lie" and some technical manoeuvres in "an annexe in the Department of Justice, Washington, D.C." A resolute scientist was testing the reactions of a young coloured woman to an instrument known as "the lie detector." This scene was as expository as the once-familiar chats between butler and parlourmaid used to be. A programme-note further explained that the detector was widely used in America. "Among the organisations which employ it are the Atomic Energy Commission, the top-secret Central Intelligence Agency (the American equivalent of M.I.5) and the crime laboratories of several States."

It seemed to be an alarming contraption: a machine that reproduced brain-prints electronically. This time, moreover, a recognised invention, not some such freak of the imagination as, say, Mr. Morgan's "burning glass." That was the subject of a good play at which I must think inevitably of Daisy Ashford's hero who "sat on a velvet chair and quite enjoyed overhearing the intelligent conversation of the Prime Minister."

I was much more dubious about the lie detector. Soon I found myself wondering

what, perhaps, Iago's "brain-prints" would look like on the little strips of paper that Stephen Murray, the actor, considered with a creased brow. And I did wonder, also, just how long it would be before Mr. Murray was battling against some malign fate. While listening to sound-radio during recent years, I have shared many sufferings with Mr. Murray, a specialist in mental torment. I could not believe that the dramatist had let him off this time; and, sure enough, within five minutes, Mr. Murray, lie detector and all, was on the way

diplomats at the peak of the top level, investigation would be delicate. (It was so delicate that, now and then, we appeared to be forgetting the object of the exercise altogether.) We could rely on the powerfully-concentrated Mr. Murray and his instrument; as the evening wound on, I feared that we could not rely on the author. A genuinely constructed melodrama ought to recall the oak in the wild woods of Broceliande that looked like "a tower of ivied mason-work." Here the mason-work was by no means solid. There was any amount of plot; but Mr. Marks, I felt, was always on the very edge of guying the business, and melodrama needs a proper seriousness: Mr. Murray's single-minded enthusiasm, in fact.

True, authors of the older melodrama, the kind of thing that used to arrive twice-nightly at local gaffs during my youth, were fully conscious that an audience ought to laugh now and then. So they would thread their work with comic scenes arranged in such a way that these could be removed from the fabric without disaster. More accomplished workers have managed to mingle their comedy and drama without endangering the play. Mr. Marks's trouble was his trick of inserting an allegedly comic line, not caring whether it was in key or out. This caused at least one part, the tycoon-statesman (Hugh Wakefield) to flicker as disconcertingly as an old silent film. I felt that the dramatist wished to earn some of the labels tacked to another piece advertised in the programme ("Very funny," "They rocked with laughter," "The laughs are there," "Wanna good laugh?" and so on).

Certainly I could not believe in Mr. Wakefield and his slitherings from one mood to another—the dramatist's fault, not the actor's—any more than I could believe in the attempts to impose a wildly melodramatic plot upon a thoroughly farcical background. Besides Mr. Wakefield, I was especially sorry for such actors as Geoffrey King and Jeremy Burnham. Walter Fitzgerald and Sonia Dresdel, as a vigorous Iron Curtain diplomatist and his wife, had rather better composed parts, though they, too, became enmeshed in the tentacles of a plot that, by the end of the second act, was like a slightly hysterical octopus.

Always, of course, Mr. Murray was fiercely on hand with his machine, his strips of paper, and his furrowed brow. At the end he left us as, somehow, I had expected he would: tormented to the last. I do want him sometime to have a really gay night, nothing on his mind, not a skeleton in the remotest cupboard.

I wish I had enjoyed the play more (though occasional lines came through). We have few enough effective nights that are firmly in the tradition of the theatre theatrical. Here at least no dustbins glowered, no young man was being peevish in a high-pitched whine, and no one was examining the allegorical potentialities of the brothel. Still, I fear that Mr. Marks's play had few positive virtues. His hand is not yet cunning enough for that complex achievement, a comic-dramatic-satiric fusion; and the Winter Garden evening showed again how necessary it is to find a point and to stick to it.

While I pondered on this, I was half-way down Drury Lane in a May-night drizzle before realising that I had not handed in my voting-paper. This vote would have gone to "The Lie Detector." The present title has a forcible-feeble sound (which may speak a little too truthfully for the piece).



A PLAY WITH "A PLOT THAT, BY THE END OF THE SECOND ACT, WAS LIKE A SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL OCTOPUS": "THE BEST DAMN LIE" (WINTER GARDEN), SHOWING A SCENE FROM LEO MARKS'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) DAVID MISCHLER (STEPHEN MURRAY); CHIEF INSPECTOR PHILLIPS (W. THORP DEVEREUX); LORD APPLEBY (HUGH WAKEFIELD); VALERIE (ANNA STEELE); MADAM ZABASKIN (SONIA DRESDEL); COMMANDER DEXTER (GEOFFREY KING) AND EDGAR HOLLIS (JEREMY BURNHAM).



"MAI ZETTERLING AS A TYPICAL ANOUILH HEROINE": A SCENE FROM JEAN ANOUILH'S PLAY "RESTLESS HEART" (ST. JAMES'S), TRANSLATED BY LUCIENNE HILL, SHOWING (L. TO R.) THERESE TARDE (MAI ZETTERLING); M. TARDE (DONALD PLEASENCE); MME. TARDE (BETTY WARREN) AND GOSTA (JOHN BENNETT).

to England to solve the mystery of his murdered daughter.

She had been found dead at a party. Since the guests had included various politicians and

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

ITALIAN OPERA (Stoll).—The season opens with "Lucia di Lammermoor" on May 13; "La Bohème" (May 14) and "Aida" (May 17) enter the repertory during the first week.

"THE TELESCOPE" (Guildford Theatre).—A new play by R. C. Sherriff. (May 13.)

"THE APOLLO DE BELLAC" and "THE CHAIRS" (Royal Court).—The English Stage Company presents a double bill, Giraudoux's poetic fantasy and a "tragic farce" by Ionesco. (May 14.)

"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID" (Birmingham Repertory).—A play, by C. E. Webber, commissioned by the Arts Council, through the Birmingham Repertory, under the Council's scheme for encouraging and promoting new work of quality. (May 14.)

BUFFET AND BURRA.



"LA CONCORDE, 1956," BY BERNARD BUFFET. TWENTY-THREE PAINTINGS BY THIS REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL YOUNG FRENCH ARTIST ARE TO BE SEEN AT MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH'S, 31, BRUTON STREET, UNTIL MAY 25. (Oil on canvas; 35 by 57½ ins.)



"L'OPERA, 1956": ANOTHER OF BERNARD BUFFET'S GAUNT PARISIAN SCENES. HE WORKS AT GREAT SPEED, ENTIRELY FROM MEMORY AND NORMALLY BY ELECTRIC LIGHT. HIS CANVASES FETCH HIGH PRICES IN PARIS. (Oil on canvas; 35 by 57½ ins.)



"STILL LIFE AND BASKET," BY EDWARD BURRA: ONE OF HIS ELEVEN STRIKING LARGE WATER-COLOURS WHICH ARE EXHIBITED AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30, BRUTON STREET, UNTIL JUNE 1. (Water-colour; 28 by 42 ins.)

IN very different ways the two artists exhibiting at the neighbouring Tooth and Lefèvre galleries in Bruton Street have aimed at achieving striking effects in their work. Bernard Buffet, who is only twenty-seven and whose meteoric rise to fame and fortune has been one of the most notable events in the post-war Paris art world, works with great austerity and in a sombre mood. His canvases have little or no colour but his compositions are drawn with the strongest of black lines. This exhibition includes four of his Parisian scenes, a large beach scene and a group of flower paintings. There could hardly be more difference in the painting of flowers than between those of Bernard Buffet and those of Edward Burra, six of whose water-colours show flowers with rich colours and powerful solidity. Burra, who was born in 1905, has shown his usual great intensity in these impressive works.

ANDRE DERAINE (1880-1954).

THE current exhibition at Messrs. Wildenstein's, 147, New Bond Street, which continues until June 1, is the first comprehensive showing of André Derain's work to be seen in this country. The exhibition has been arranged by Mr. Denys Sutton, who has also written the most informative catalogue. There are some eighty works, drawn from public and private collections in this country and France, which provide an illuminating survey of Derain's talents and developments as an artist. Very much in the *avant garde* when he was young, Derain did not long associate himself with progressive developments. He reached his greatest heights in his Fauve canvases of 1905-8 and again in the flowing landscapes of the 1920's and 30's. Another outstanding work of this later period is the wonderful still-life—"La Table Garnie"—painted in 1921-22.



"BLACKFRIARS": PAINTED BY DERAINE IN LONDON IN 1906: IN THE IMPORTANT ANDRE DERAINE EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN'S. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 39½ ins.) (Lent by the Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum.)



"PORT DE DOUARNENEZ": ONE OF A GROUP OF PAINTINGS OF THIS BRETON VILLAGE WHICH DERAINE PAINTED IN 1936. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the Lord Harvey.)



"THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT": PAINTED DURING DERAINE'S FIRST VISIT TO LONDON IN 1906. THIS SUPERB FAUVE WORK SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF MONET AND ALSO OF THE DIVISIONISTS. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 38½ ins.) (Lent by M. Pierre Lévy.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OUR first novel this week is a first novel, about a young man on the make. Naturally, this has been done before—by Arnold Bennett, for instance. However, in "Room at the Top," by John Braine (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), it is done not only with great effect, but to quite a new effect.

Joe Lampton is telling his own story—now that he is ten years older, and has got everything. His coming to Warley was the start; and his face of that time, as he can see in an old photograph, still looks "not innocent exactly, but unused." That early Joe is a fugitive from the working class, and from the death in life of a horrible little Yorkshire mill town called Dufton—where he can remember three-quarters of the men unemployed, where the river runs "like pus" and the upper crust are all zombies. He and his friend Charles used to work off the pangs of envy and revolt by giving them labels: the Glittering Zombie, the Efficient Zombie, and so on. They had also a grading scheme for women, from One to Twelve. Clearly, it all goes by "brass"; the more money a man has, the more attractive is his wife.

And now Joe has been translated from Dufton into another world, a comely yet thriving market-town, with a few mills and an abundance of—perhaps not stately—but desirable residences. He has lost his heart to Warley: to the moors and transparent river, the cobbled streets "all ending in running water and trees," no less than to Eagle Road with its clean paintwork and stonework, "the garage for each house, the taste of prosperity as smooth and nourishing as egg-nog." In a Dufton boy, this delight in "gracious living" is not vulgar, it is an imaginative passion. True, the vulgarian, the touchy, class-conscious grabber is also present. And his claims have shot up; henceforth, instead of a modest career in the Town Hall he demands the jackpot. Yet at sight of it, in the form of a very young, Grade A lovely, he is not simply agog, but so moved by her shining freshness that "it hurts him to look at her." In fact, he loves Susan—but not personally. The person for him is a woman already married, ten years his senior, gradeless, unprofitable, touched by decay. . . . It doesn't matter; she is the person. Only he can't have Warley as well. So at last, with general applause, he ditches Alice and personality, and lives to find that he has become a zombie himself: the Successful Zombie.

There are one or two flaws in structure, and Alice's fate is laid on with a trowel. But the passion, lucidity and balance are very remarkable.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Old June Weather," by Ernest Raymond (Cassell; 15s.), shows us the aftermath of a "great love," for which the world was lost a long time ago. Travers Ibrahim, the narrator, first got on the scent when he was a boy of fourteen, living with Auntie Flavia and Gael in West Kensington. The glory of their anomalous but dull household is the occasional presence of "Uncle Lucy," whose name is Grenville. He lives in Paris, and he never stays long. He is a tall, courtly old gentleman, with elaborate manners, wonderful *panache*. . . . Travers and Gael worship him. They are both hoping he is their father; and at last they stumble on his identity, and read all about him. All about Lottie Morris, and the divorce suit, and the great fall. . . . Then Auntie Flavia tells the rest. The drama is lifelike. So is the young Travers; while the full-length, touching, yet unsparing portrait of the lost leader is better still.

"The Friend in Need," by Elizabeth Coxhead (Collins; 13s. 6d.), features a social worker in Pentonville, a hag-ridden electrician and a gallery of deprived children. In these terms, it may sound glum; actually, and as those who know the writer will expect, it is a very intelligent, very engaging story. Isobel Fairlie has a way with her; not only suspicious waifs, but delinquent parents yield to her charm. She is always confidently making decisions, and collecting lost dogs—like the unhappy little workman picked up in a teashop. But she has never learnt to find her own feet. She is "the happy child of a good home"; and when that fails her, others have to step in and apply the remedy. A bald account of a delightfully varied scene of action.

"The Case of the Four Friends," by J. C. Masterman (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a study in "predetection," unfolded and discussed in an Oxford Common Room after a rubber of bridge. Ernst Brendel, the international lawyer-criminologist, is the raconteur; and the problem is which of the four friends, his suspects, will commit a murder. Much of the time one is feeling taken aback by the slowness of approach, the stilted, old-fashioned dialogue and character-drawing, the prolonged adjournments for debate, and so forth. Then suddenly, after a New Year's party at the Hotel Magnifico, we have just one crowded minute of peerlessly symmetrical action. . . . In short, the author has produced something really novel: a "diversion" and nothing but. He goes on to review it himself, in an introduction placed at the end and taking every legitimate criticism out of our mouths.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Yugoslavs took control at Bognor Regis this year, in the fifth of the annual Easter tournaments. Belgium's leading master, who rejoices in the almost unbelievable name of Alberic O'Kelly de Galway, had set up, in the second, third and fourth tournaments of the series, the sort of record it is almost beyond human capacity to surpass. He not only won the tournament each of the three years; he went on to Ireland each time, to participate in the annual tournament arranged as part of the An Tostal celebrations, and won that too!

In the course of these six events, spread over three years, and meeting strong players from some fifteen different countries, he lost one game only out of 49 (to England's P. H. Clarke).

This year, however, Yugoslavia sent, in its champion Svetogor Gligoric, a man who can be regarded as O'Kelly's *bête noire*. Though on general record there is not a lot between them, Gligoric has beaten him in tournament after tournament. This time when they met, O'Kelly was leading by half a point. Gligoric achieved the usual, took the lead, and did not again look back.

O'Kelly played the game, to my mind, as if he expected to lose. He can certainly play the opening far better. Six of his first thirteen moves were made with one piece, his king's knight. Small wonder that Gligoric, though Black, had every piece well developed whilst O'Kelly was still bringing up his reserves.

The next round was a complete Yugoslav triumph. Rakic, another Yugoslav player, ranked perhaps twentieth in his country's ranking list (though, at twenty-three, it is obvious he is going to be a famous player before long), drove another nail in O'Kelly's coffin with the first game I give below. O'Kelly, obviously a little demoralised, allows a knight to be completely deprived of escape squares, right in mid-board. He had already consumed a terrible lot of time trying to assess the weird complications created by Rakic with his unorthodox cross-attacks.

The same day Gligoric beat Fazekas, popular Czech doctor long settled in England. A copy-book example of how to punish neglect of development. Both games were of 23 moves and they took both Yugoslavs to the top.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

RAKIC	O'KELLY	RAKIC	O'KELLY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	13. P-QR4	P-KR4
2. P-Q4	P×P	14. P-R5	P-R5
3. P-QB3	Kt-KB3	15. P-B5!	P×P
4. P-K5	Kt-Q4	16. Kt(Kt3)-K2	Kt-B5
5. B-QB4	Kt-Kt3	17. B-R4ch	Kt-B3
6. B-Kt3	P-Q4	18. B×Ktch	P×B
7. BP×P	Kt-B3	19. Q-R4	R-B1
8. Kt-K2	B-B4	20. P-QKt3	P-R6
9. QKt-B3	P-K3	21. P×Kt	RP×P
10. Castles	P-QR3	22. R-B2	P×P
11. Kt-Kt3	B-Kt3	23. Q×P(B4)	Resigns
12. P-B4	Kt-K2		

KING'S GAMBIT.

FAZEKAS	GLIGORIC	FAZEKAS	GLIGORIC
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	13. Kt×Kt	R×Kt
2. P-KB4	P×P	14. Q-Q3	Q-K2
3. Q-B3	P-QB3	15. P-KR3	R-K1
4. Kt-K2	P-Q4	16. B-Q2	Kt-B5
5. P×P	Kt-K4	17. B×Kt	B×B
6. Q-K4	B-Q3	18. K-Q1	B-R3
7. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	19. P-QR4	R-K6
8. Q-R4ch?	B-Q2	20. Q-B4	Q-Kt4
9. Q-Kt3	Castles	21. Q-Kt4	B-K4
10. P-Q4	Kt-Kt3	22. P-QKt3	R×Kt
11. Kt-K2?	R-K1	23. B×R	R×B
12. QKt-B3	Kt-K5	Resigns.	

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM THE BATTLE OF THE SCHELDT TO GHANA.

IN about 1942 I got a note from Sir Desmond (then Major) Morton, Mr. Churchill's "Special Assistant," asking me if I would see a certain Captain R. W. Thompson in the Intelligence Corps. He added that the captain's real idea of Heaven was "to be mounted on a yak, crossing an Andean Pass, with an automatic pistol in each hand, fighting off hordes of maddened natives and swearing fearsome oaths in three dialects. I think you will like him." Indeed I did, and I have to make it clear that Mr. Thompson, the author of "The Eighty-five Days" (Hutchinson; 18s.), and Lieut.-Colonel Kemp, the author of the succeeding book, are both close friends of mine. It so happens that they are two of the most personally courageous individuals I have ever met. "The Eighty-five Days" tells the story of one of the most difficult, bloody and least-known battles of the war—the Battle of the Scheldt. On the German side, the 15th German Army, withdrawn with some skill from the Pas de Calais during the collapse of German arms in France, was most ably handled. During the next three months, in the bitter and confused fighting among the dykes and polders of the Scheldt estuary, a total of more than 60,000 casualties was inflicted. Mr. Thompson, who has seen much of warfare in many parts of the world (his "Cry Korea" remains one of the best pieces of war reporting I have read), gives shape and form to this three-month battle. It was a difficult task for him, but he has admirably succeeded, and of this new book of his one need say no more than that it is well up to his own high standard.

Lieut.-Colonel Peter Kemp, the author of "Mine Were of Trouble" (Cassell; 18s.), like Mr. Thompson, has a genius for going where danger is to be found. (I was not in the least surprised when within forty-eight hours of the outbreak of trouble in Hungary, he turned up in Budapest.) On the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, he was one of the few Englishmen to fight on the Nationalist side. Finding that he was not seeing sufficient action with the Carlist Requetés (on whom, in fact, the brunt of some of the fiercest fighting fell), he got himself transferred to the Foreign Legion. The Spanish Foreign Legion, unlike its French counterpart, has few foreigners in it, and for Colonel Kemp to have risen to the rank of Company Commander in it was distinction indeed. This book is the story of the Spanish Civil War as seen through the eyes of an extremely gallant foreigner. Colonel Kemp was in most of the major battles of the later stages of the Civil War, being terribly wounded at the Battle of the Ebro. Like so many of those who fought on either side of the Spanish Civil War, he is filled with admiration of the fighting quality of the Spaniard of whatever political complexion. Indeed, although the book is, on the face of it, a lively, human and well-written account of one man's Civil War, over and above this, it is by implication one of the best pictures of the Spanish character which I have yet read.

Colonel Kemp's book is informed by the good-humoured modesty of a remarkable man. On the other hand, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana and the author of "Ghana" (Nelson; 21s.), could not be accused of suffering from any undue reticence about himself or his achievements. This autobiography of one of the most remarkable men in Africa tells the story of the Prime Minister of Ghana's progress from poverty and the life of an underground agitator, to being the first Prime Minister of an African state whose independence is largely of his creating. As I say, Dr. Nkrumah suffers from no undue modesty, but, nevertheless, his story is a fascinating one. Not least interesting is the portrait which emerges of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, the Governor, whose faith in Dr. Nkrumah and his capacity to rule has not wavered. Indeed, the partnership between the British Governor and the young African politician is a tribute to British Colonial Government, which some of those who inveigh against the wickedness of British "colonialism" would do well to consider. A most interesting book, which all those who are interested in the African experiment should by no means miss.

Few singers since Caruso have commanded the allegiance of their audiences as Beniamino Gigli, who writes his autobiography under the title of "The Gigli Memoirs" (Cassell; 21s.). The affection

of the public throughout the world has survived even such strains put upon it as his collaboration with Mussolini. Signor Gigli says in his book that he had written it "in a haphazard sort of way, recording the dates and details of some performances in case they might be of use to students of opera, but including also odd scraps of operatic information for the benefit of the general reader."

For this "haphazard" method of writing he makes no apologies, as he is a singer and not a writer. Nevertheless, for others than lovers of opera, this book, excellently translated by Darina Silone, will prove attractive. Signor Gigli's life, led as it has been in so many countries, covers the most important events of the last fifty years, and although this book sets out to be an autobiography of a singer, again, by accident, it is an admirable mirror of the times.

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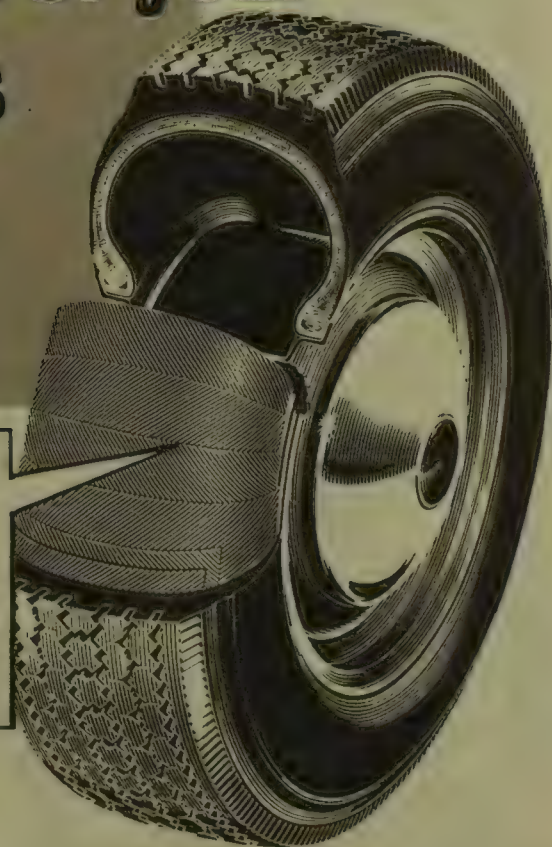
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Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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PASSING CLOUDS

TAKING TEA WITH THE WORLD

It's "men only" in Morocco

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY



The Arabs were enjoying tea two hundred years before the Battle of Hastings! They introduced it to Morocco where it has been a favourite ever since.

The Moroccans use green tea. On special occasions in wealthy homes, a tea-maker is employed; in the average home the host himself makes the tea.

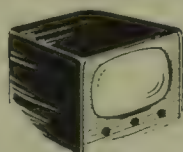
Moroccans first make tea as we do, but usually in a silver teapot most likely made in Sheffield or Birmingham. Then they add sugar—kept in loaf-form in a special box—a few leaves of mint, stir well, and serve in glasses.

The host drinks first. If the tea is not as sweet and "minty" as he likes it, he empties the glasses back into the teapot, adds more sugar or mint as required, and re-serves. Sugar is never put directly into the glasses.

Why no women in the picture? In Morocco, they are segregated.

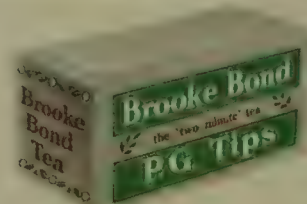
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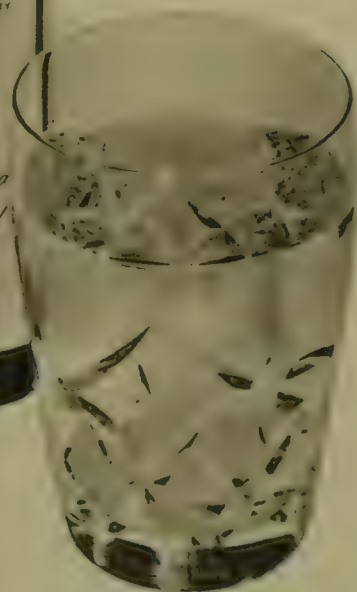


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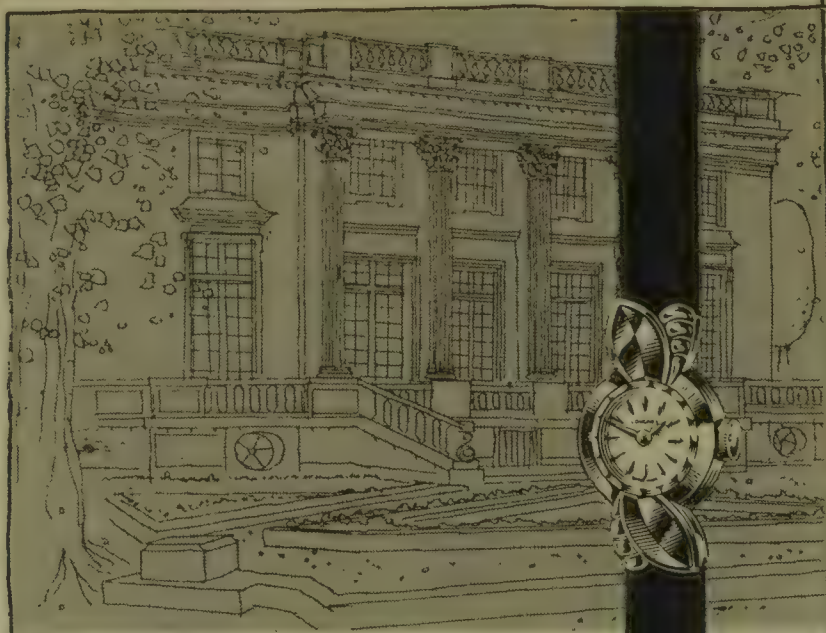
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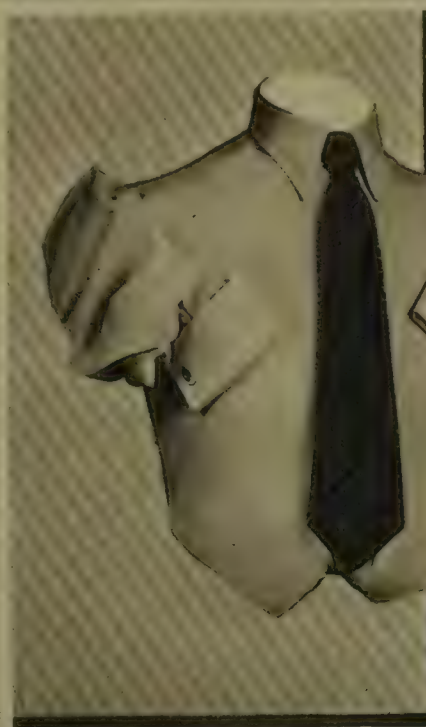
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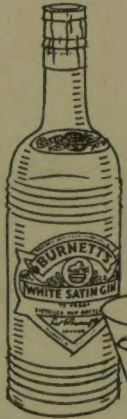
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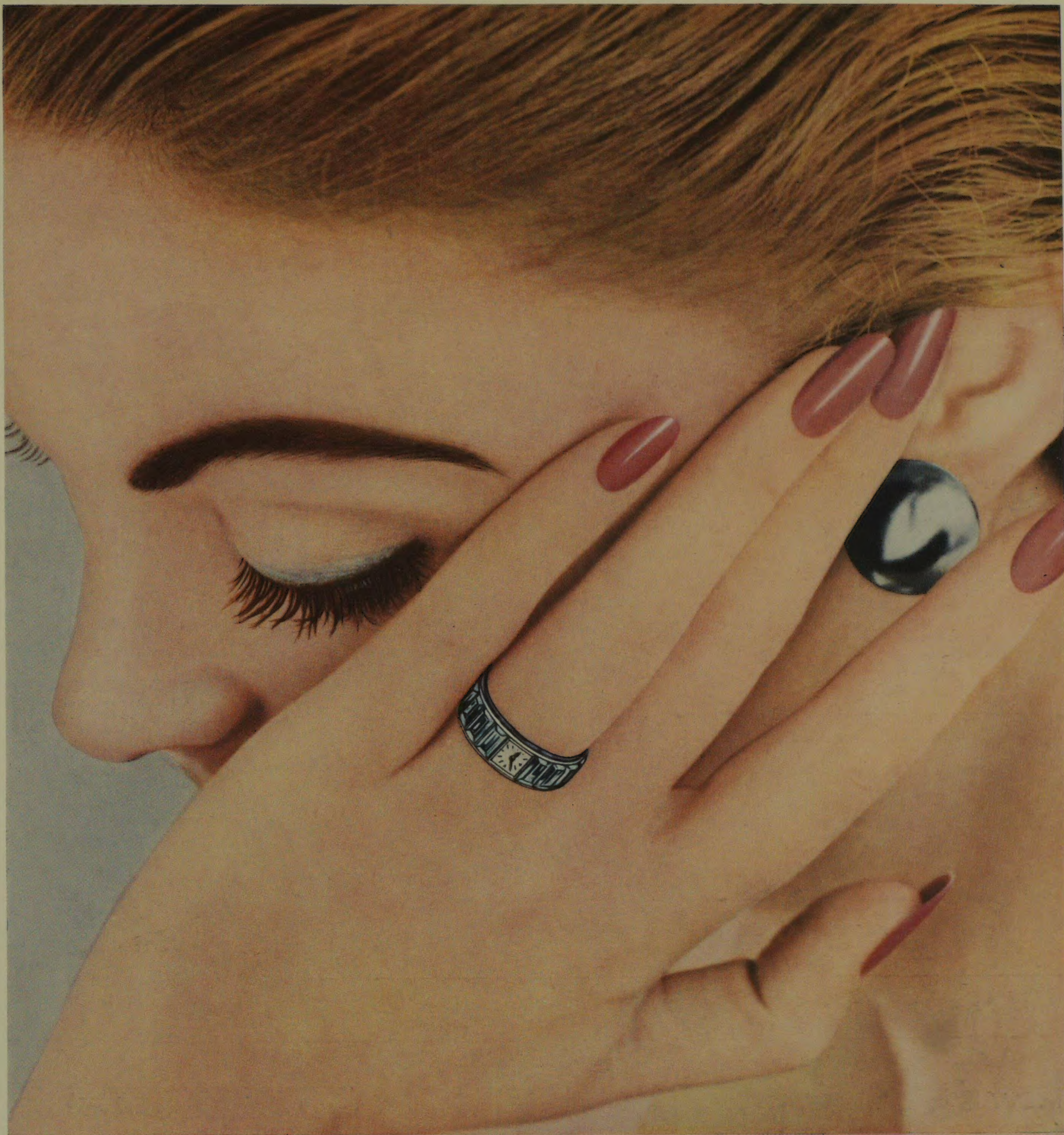
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